

Evil God

The Other Side of the Last Boss~The Strongest Hidden Boss=He Reincarnates into an Evil God, But Since No One has Come After 1,000 Years, He Decides to Go to School~

Arc 3

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Novel Updates

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092. Prologue

Note from TL:

Krau Solas→ Claiomh Solais

Ridiru→ Ridill

Apparently they're both from mythology.

It was entering fall, but the Briton Kingdom's capital was still warm.

Rhodan is in the middle of the continent.

Snow doesn't fall during the winter, and the region is warm.

After class ended, I was spacing out, and the priest Iris approached me.

"If you're free, can I have some of your time?"

"Sure, what is it?"

It's rare for Iris to call out to me alone.

"It's about you being from an eastern village, but are you a believer of the Goddess Bridget?"

Iris is a priest.

Is this something like a solicitation to her religion?

This world has three main religions.

The Daguza Faith, which reveres Daguza as their chief god.

He's a god of justice and war, a wild male god.

One of the major powers to the west, the Island Kingdom has made this their national religion.

The Bridget Faith, which reveres the Goddess Bridget.

She's the goddess of love and good harvests, and is mainly worshipped in the eastern region.

As she's a goddess of good harvests, her popularity in farming districts is high.

Finally, there's the Angas Faith.

They revere the god of commerce and production, Angas.

This is the national religion of Scottyard.

Briton is evenly split up between their believers, and has no national religion. Since it's the country in the middle of the continent, its citizens beliefs are split up.

"No. I guess I don't really have any religion I believe in....."

While getting a bad feeling and telling her that honestly, Iris wrinkles her forehead.

"I thought that would be the case. If you feel like it, would you like to come to the church?"

I knew it.

I won't say that there aren't people who don't worship gods, but they're the minority.

Gathering believers is one of the jobs of a priest.

People like that are searched for and marked on.

"I think your problem with women, and your shameless lifestyle is one of the reasons that you can't believe in any religion."

"Shameless lifestyle....."

That's a mean way to put it.

However Iris had a serious face when she said that.

"You can choose to pray to god, and calm your heart."

I guess trying it out once is fine.

I reluctantly accept, and Iris took my hand and transferred.

The Bridget Faith's Church.

It was a considerably large building, and the main building served more than one function.

Iris is from a countryside village to the east.

Not only from her environment but also from her personality, it was only natural that she was a believer in the Bridget Faith.

Iris and I offer a prayer in front of statue of the goddess.

Honestly, I was wondering if it was fine for me to pray or not.

Well, Bridget is a god of love.

Even if the Evil God prays to her, she'll be open minded about it and forgive me.

I look at the girl prayer right next to me.

One of the members of the hero party, Iris.

She has a reserved personality, so she doesn't stand out.

Since she's in the middle of praying, I couldn't see her round blue eyes.

Her loose priest's garment can't hide her voluptuous body figure, big chest and butt.

Her well-featured face charms men.

As soon as Iris entered the church, the men got noisy.

When Iris prayed, the men in the back began to pray as if to match with her.

Even if these guys are believers, they're still filled with worldly desires.

This is proof that nothing will be resolved even if you pray to god.

"You're enthusiastic, aren't you?"

I heard a voice call out to us from behind.

It was a 50 year old priest.

However, from the golden embroidery on their clothes, you could tell they were of high status.

"Supreme Priest Azulyla." (TLN: アズライラ. Any suggestions?)

Iris finished praying, and lowered her head.

The men couldn't just bear their desires right in front of the supreme priest either.

In low spirits, they moved to the distance.

"Are you someone who wishes to join our faith?"

"Ah, no. He says there's no god he believes in."

"I see."

Azulyla understood with that short comment.

They spoke with a smile from beginning to end, and soon left.

Of course, the Supreme Priest must be busy.

This brings up the question of why the Supreme Priest of the Bridget Faith was in this city in the first place.

The Bridget Faith is widespread in various countries to the east, and there are many mountainous countries to the east.

Naturally, there's nothing that can be called a large city.

Therefore, it was decided to make the head office in Rhodan.

On top of that, since they didn't have a country that made them the national religion, they based themselves in Rhodan, which has a diverse population, to get an edge in the competition for believers.

One of their strong points is that their head office is here, and so is their Supreme Priest.

Although they understand that the head office is moved to Rhodan for practical reasons, many eastern countries didn't wish for it.

Religion is such a thing that when one tries to change a long standing rule, you'll be faced with violent resistance.

Overcoming that resistance, the one who decided to move to Rhodan was the current Supreme Priest.

The results of that have unmistakably appeared.

Although by just slightly, the Bridget Faith has the highest number of believers in Rhodan.

The one who gleefully explained that to me was Iris.

No, well, it's sort of 'cause asked her for it though.

"Is there anything that newcomers have to do to enter the faith?"

"For newcomers, there's nothing like that. There are a few things you need to do to go high than that though."

"I don't have any interest in that. Iris, are you one of the higher ups?"

"Tentatively, I have the status of a high priest."

As if to not get to boastful, Iris prudently answered me.

"Isn't that pretty high? Is it something that'd make you excited?"

"You have to have high talent for magic and combat ability, then you can become one. If you don't have either of those, it'll take time."

This theology has its own peculiar way of grading people.

Gaining more believers. Contributions towards the faith.

It seems that they're decided based on things like that.

The main magic of priests is restoration magic.

It can heal not only injuries, but illnesses too.

This doesn't include strange or incurable diseases though.

People with high magical abilities are highly valued.

Thus, they're treated well.

Like that, I ignored all kinds of explanations.

I don't have that much interest in religion.

However in the future, I would end up being caught in a religious strife.

093. Bridget Faith

Since she invited me to the Bridget Faith, Iris' gaze seems to have become interesting.

Or rather, unmistakably, the number of times that she's looked at me has dramatically increased.

The other 3 seemed to have sensed that, and they made delicate expressions.

Unable to endure that situation, Yufilia and the others came to speak with me.

"What are you guys doing? It's really suspicious you know."

Yufilia looked at me with her arms folded.

"We're not actually doing anything though....."

I told them about my being solicited by Iris.

The 3 who heard that grandly sighed.

"Ah, it was something like that."

"What do you mean by something like that?"

I asked Tiraiza, but she turned her head the other way and didn't answer.

"You two had a strange atmosphere. Even though you kept looking at each other, if your gazes met you'd both hurry up and look away."

Yufilia muttered.

Iris might have done so, but I didn't avert my eyes.

"I guess it can't be helped if she was inviting you to her faith. Iris is passionate about things like that."

Jamie had distant eyes.

"Were you guys invited too?"

Jamie nodded to my question.

"Yeah. I refused because I believe in the Daguza Faith though."

Well, for adventurers and warriors, it's common to believe in the god of battle.

"Tentatively, we were the same though."

Yufilia made a bitter smile.

"Rather than her being passionate, I don't have any interest in gods so I converted just as she told me though."

Tiraiza, who wasn't really interested, spoke lightly.

I feel like there's no point in increasing their followers like that though.

"Can you change beliefs that easily?"

"It'd be impossible for priests, but newcomers without much faith change all the time. Especially here in Briton."

"That by itself is a problem, so we've made an agreement."

Iris interrupted the conversation.

"An agreement?"

"Yeah. Once a newcomer arrives, there's a rule that they have to stay in the same religion for at least 2 years. It's called the [2 year binding]."

"Like a cell phone."

"What?"

There's no way that the word or concept of cell phones from my previous world would be transmitted, and the 4 of them could only tilt their heads.

"What if you break it?"

"There is a penalty."

"For a religion, isn't that too worldly?"

"That's rude, it's a rule that all religions have."

Iris made a slightly angry face.

"Well, that's why we were just at the right timing, so Yufi and I converted to

the Bridget Faith.”

“We don’t do any activities or anything though.”

“Newcomers are like that.”

Without putting much thought into it, Tiraiza and Yufilia were having a conversation.

“That’s why, do you feel like joining?”

“Weell,”

Well, if I don’t have to do anything that’s a pain in the ass, I guess it’s fine even if I join.

Since I won’t be using it at all, there’s no point in me registering though.

“I don’t have a reason to enter, and I don’t see the merits.”

“Hou, then you must want Iris to tell you about the wonders of the faith all night long.”

Tiraiza narrowed her eyes to my answer.

“I refuse with all my power.”

“Well then that’s a merit.”

“At that point, isn’t this just threatening?”

I groan in a low voice.

“What’s my solution?”

“If you enter any of the religions, the [2 year binding] will occur.”

“I can easily pay the fine though.”

“Then you have no escape routes. If you seriously believe in Daguza or Angas, Iris will have no choice but to reluctantly accept it.”

I don’t feel like seriously worshipping those gods.

If I’m going to believe in anything, it’d be myself.

“As I thought, there’s no choice but to have you experience the wonders of the Bridget Faith.”

Iris was ‘Ufufufu’ laughing creepily.

“Well, we have stuff to do, so.....”

Seeing Iris like that, the other 3 hurriedly ran off.

Those traitors.

Iris grabbed my hand, and transferred away.

We entered the Bridget Faith’s head office.

While giving me a tour of the building, she must intend to give me an explanation of their greatness.

However, in a hurry, a staff member ran up to Iris.

“High priest Iris, just at the right time. It’s an emergency.”

Hearing the staff member’s explanation, Iris nodded and ran.

“Sorry, but the faith also serves as a medical institution.”

The official apologized. They named themselves as Mick.

For light injuries they’ll often just apply medicinal herbs and get it over with, but for large injuries they have no choice but to rely on magic.

Thus, excellent healers are in high demand.

“It’s fine. I’ll be going now.”

“Th,that would be troubling. They’ll get mad at me, so let me guide you.”

“No, I’m not that interested in this building.”

“Ah, I see.....”

Mick floated a lewd smile.

“You were aiming for that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Mufufufu. Are you interested in high priest Iris?”

Without listening to me, Mick talked on and on.

“Recently the Bridget Faith has been rapidly gaining male believers. They’re

all aiming for high priest Iris.”

“No, again,”

“Even if I say they’re aiming for her, there aren’t very many who are actually serious about it. She comes in contact with everyone without distinction, so they’re all satisfied with that.”

“O, Oh.....”

I draw back slightly.

Well, there’s no doubt that Iris is a beautiful girl.

The devout priest of the god of love.

Both as an adventurer and as a healer, she possesses high ability.

There’s also the fact that she’s a member of the hero party, so her reputation isn’t only limited to Rhodan.

Moreover, unlike many high ranking priests she makes contact with normal believers so there’s no reason for her to not be popular.

“That’s the case, so it’s fine to say you’re joining right?”

“No, that’s not fine.”

“Mumu. Your pretty persistent. However, we have secret weapons for times like these.”

Mick took out a picture.

It was a picture of Iris.

It was just a picture taken during her everyday life.

“Hehe. This is great right? Normally it’d go for 100 pounds a piece.”

“That’s too expensive.”

“There’s also a picture of her in light clothing in midsummer. On top of that, it’s really erotic. There’s a sale only for newcomers.”

“Isn’t this bad in various ways for the religion?”

“.....I think so too.”

I heard a voice from behind me. I voice I know very well.

“Haaaaaa. High priest Iris.”

It seems like Iris finished the treatment and hurried back.

Mick was violently upset, and attempted to escape from the spot.

However, his arm was twisted by Iris, and he became unable to move.

“You guys.....it seems you don’t understand the teachings of god yet.”

The look in Iris’ eyes is scary. This is bad.

“Just wait a second, I’m not related to this.”

“Dialogue is pointless.”

Mick and I were captured, and taken to the confession room.

There, we were sermoned for several hours.

094. Daguza Faith and Angas Faith

Let's search for a decent religion.

No, it's not like I think there's anything wrong with the Bridget Faith as a whole, but I was a little worried.

I wonder if anything else is okay?

Therefore, I transferred to the Bridget Faith's head office.

Then I saw the Daguza Faith Rhodan Branch across the street.

Why is their rival faith's building right across the street?

On the contrary, that's a matter of course.

When starting a business, where is a great place to set up a store?

Well, in the middle of the city or downtown.

Places like those.

Customers tend to go to the places that are closer to where they live.

Following this to its logical conclusion, the middle would be the most advantageous.

In the town there are places of high population density and places of low population density, so you have to take that into account too.

Considering those, in Rhodan it'd be ideal to set up a shop in the downtown area, which is still the center of the city.

Inside the downtown area.....when you think like that, you naturally find your location.

The first ones to set up their store don't have to think about this too deeply.

They can determine where to place their store, and just set it up in the ideal location.

What then should someone in the same business do when they're opening a store after?

If they think to go to the north side of town and avoid the nearby shop, then they've lost.

Most of the customers from the south can be taken by the rival shop, but most of the customers from the north won't be.

Residents of the middle area would be taken by the rival store.

In the end if you're going to compete, right next to the rival shop would be the ideal location.

Convenience stores are set up across the road, facing each other.

Gas stations are right next to each other for some reason.

These are sights that are seen often.

This is called Hotelling's Location Model.

There is no Hotelling-san in this world.

However, even if a scholar doesn't clarify this theory, the people setting up stores somehow know it from experience.

To the end, this is only talking about location.

It's normal to go far for good service.

How about in the world of religion?

If someone is truly impressed by the ideology of their religion, they'd probably go to the far one.

However, for those who are not, they can't ignore the location and choose the most convenient one to them.

That's why the 3 faiths' buildings are all right next to each other.

"Welcome."

When I entered the Daguza Church, a large muscular man wearing a priest's robe greeted me.

Looking inside the church, people like adventurers and soldiers stand out.

Because he's also a god of war, many people like them worship him.

"A student of Cantabridge Academy. Are you from the Adventurer's Course?"

"Yeah."

Since I was wearing my uniform, that was understood at a glance.

"Have you already entered the faith?"

"No, I was just taking it into consideration....."

"Is that so."

He explained that I could observe freely.

I lightly looked around, but it was just a normal church.

Well, there's no church where you can find strange places just from a little tour though.

If there was something that I was worried about, it would be that there were some people who were *jii* staring at me.

Robust staff members seemed to be looking at my body from afar.

"It seems like this won't be the place."

Some people muttered at a distance I wouldn't be able to hear from normally.

But, it was clearly captured by my Evil Ears.

What is it with this side?

When I took a closer look, people with short hair and beards wearing tank tops were everywhere.

Well, just from a brief field trip I wouldn't be able to find any strange places.

I didn't mind it, and quickly left the church behind me.

Finally I headed for the building of the Angas Faith.

It was the building beside the other 2.

"Welcome."

As soon as I entered the Angas Church, a smiling middle aged man approached me.

"Are you here to worship, or are you a newcomer? Right now there's a

campaign going on.....”

“What about tours.....?”

As I thought, the followers of the god of business push strong.

I interrupted his advertisement, and told him my business.

“Of course we don’t mind.”

“Thank you.”

When I looked around, I saw lots of merchants and craftsmen. It’s because he’s the god of production and trade.

“Are you interested in business?”

“No, not really.”

“Well then do you hope for medical service? Our Angas Faith provides the least expensive medical service.”

“Is that so.”

“Yes. Due to him being the god of commerce, we get many donations from wealthy people. That’s why we can reduce the fees for our ordinary believers.”

The staff member left to give an explanation to the next person who entered the church.

“Dude, don’t be fooled.”

A young follower with a bad appearance called out to me.

The center of the Angas Faith is naturally in the north, in Scottyard.

Rhodan’s branch of the faith isn’t very motivated.

There’s no doubt that the prices are cheap, but the service is bad to match that.

His point is, it’s cheap and bad.

“There’s a fierce battle over believers in this city. What will they do if they lose their power?”

“Oh it was bad, so they sent the Cardinal over from the head office.”

The Cardinal is the highest adviser, who can advise the Pope, the top of the faith.

They're not limited to being clergymen. As long as they're a follower, anyone can do it.

"The one who came is the current king's sister's son. His nephew, that's it."

What was at the location where the man pointed his finger to was a fat man.

He was covered with expensive-seeming accessories, and his vestments were also extravagant.

He had a gold cane with a fine design on it.

Probably, it'd be hard for him without the cane.

I saw that man scold the staff.

They seemed to have all sorts of problems.

Thinking that, I transferred back to the Dark Temple.

* * * *

"Seriously, this con't bi." (TLN: Yes, I used an 'I'. Not a typo. Only his endings are messed up in the raws, so I'll change the last two words.)

The one being annoying with his complaints was the Cardinal.

He was so overweight that it was hard to hear his words.

He could see a student from Cantabridge Academy with a bad look in his eyes, but he ignored it and continued to preach.

"In Rhodan, we have the least number of followers in all the free colts."

"I,I apologize."

The faith's staff deeply lowered their heads.

"However, due to the [2 year binding], it's become difficult to pull people away. Right now there aren't many people who don't belong to any faith."

"Fuu. I was brought out of my way, all the way over here because obb zat."

Nicholas wanted achievements.

He thought that domestic affairs, diplomacy, and war achievements would be safe.

However, without needing to be said war achievements were out of the question.

He himself has no ability, and in the first place Scottyard slightsl military power.

On the other hand, domestic affairs are stable, and there's nothing that could instantly produce results.

Diplomacy had failed just recently.

Then what was left?

That would be religion. Do not make light of religion.

The wars caused by religion are not few in number.

"I will dye this city in the colors of the Angas Faith. My cousin failed just recently, so a chance might visit me aff vweell."

"Wha, yeah....."

What is he doing, and what is he talking about?

The staff members couldn't understand, and just gave an ambiguous reply.

095. Unusual Event

Since then, about a week has passed.

I've been living without anything major happening.

They were peaceful days.

If I were to say there was one problem, it would be that Iris wasn't energetic.

Yufilia asked her about it.

"About that, the other day a large amount of followers quit."

Iris had a serious expression.

"Weren't they steadily increasing recently?"

Yufilia asked curiously to confirm.

"Yeah, that's why I'm wondering why."

"If they didn't become atheist, they you can only think that they entered the Daguza Faith or the Angas Faith."

"Tentatively, there are other various small religions though."

Tiraiza added.

"In the first place, what about the [2 year binding]?"

"They properly paid the penalty, and left."

"It's not that expensive, but is there that much merit to changing your sect?"

"That's true, the service doesn't change that much anywhere you go."

Why did they enlist in the faith?

The most common reason would be because they were deeply touched by the teachings of their god.

These types of believers rarely change the god they believe in.

However, in this world many people who aren't like that exist.

That's because of magic.

Recovery magic. Something that can even call miracles and heal large injuries.

Illnesses can be cured to a certain extent.

Of course, if it's possible you'd want them to cure everyone.

However, there aren't that many users of recovery magic.

They won't be able to respond if they get requested to heal people every time they get injured or sick.

Thus, when you use their services, they demand a large donation.

That's why the general public will let their injuries heal naturally unless they really need it.

On the other hand, it's very difficult for normal people to use that system.

Moreover, the charges of using it when you really need to are high.

Because this arrangement wasn't working out very well, there was a plan created as a solution.

If you're a believer, then you can receive recovery magic at a reasonable price.

However there's a limited number of times, and rank of magic that you can receive.

There are multiple plans for your number of times.

The followers offerings are monthly.

When this service began, it was widely accepted, and the current situation came about.

The reason that there are few people not in the 3 major religions is because this system was made.

"I'll have the high speed 3G plan please."

"What? When it comes to this topic, you keep saying things I don't understand."

Tiraiza tilted her head.

Well, the people of this world wouldn't understand.

"Well, if you scout out the Daguza Faith and the Angas Faith won't you learn something?"

"But, most of the staff there know our faces."

Iris made a difficult face.

"Iris is famous among people involved with religion."

Yufilia shot an aizuchi.

"Indeed, it'd be difficult to scout them out."

Tiraiza seemed to be pondering some ways to go about this.

"Well then wouldn't it be okay if you disguised yourself?"

I told them the strategy I came up with.

Rather, I feel like thinking more would be a pain in the ass.

"Well.....that might be fine, but I'm uneasy to go alone."

"The should I go too? I just went there recently, so I won't need a disguise."

The 4 of them gathered together at my words.

"Isn't that....."

"Just the 2 of them alone?"

"It's that right? Well, I guess the time has come."

Yufilia, Tiraiza, and Jamie matched their breathing, and spoke.

"Th,that's not it. It's not like that. In the first place, we'd be in public."

For some reason Iris was panicking, and waved her hand to deny something.

"Hou, what are you intending to do if you're not in public?"

Tiraiza narrowed her eyes.

"Awa. Awawawawa."

"We can't help but count this."

Yufilia said 'Umu', and didn't let her speak.

"This is the your first one."

Jamie also nodded.

I'm not quite sure what they're talking about, but for the time being, I decided to go.

Since she was disguised, Iris came to the meeting place in different clothes than normal.

Her top was a yellow parka, and on her bottom were hot pants.

She was also wearing a hat and sunglasses, so I didn't even notice it was her until she called out to me.

"Is this much okay?"

Iris asked me anxiously.

"They're alright. Still, you had clothes like this?"

"Wa, yeah. I bought them in a hurry."

Iris looked down and acted shy.

Her face was hidden by her hat and sunglasses, but her figure alone would nail down men's gazes.

Putting aside her outside garments, the destructive power of her hot pants were outstanding.

Her normally hidden hip lines could clearly be seen.

Her bare thighs were plump, and were just what a man would like.

"I guess it wouldn't be great to stand out too much. We'll be suspected."

I said that, we corrected our attitudes, and transferred to a place a little bit away from the faith.

We were careful not be judged as people related to the faith.

When we visited the Daguza Faith, we didn't really learn anything.

Iris' disguise was perfect, and we were able to escape the building without being found out.

"Fuu, I was nervous."

"Since you disguised yourself that much, it seems like we were found out."

"But the staff members, particularly a portion of the men's' gazes were cold."

"Ah, that was a warm gaze that's only sent to peculiar men. Don't mind it."

"Haa.....?"

Iris was unable to understand and tilted her head, but I'd be troubled if she understood it.

Our next destination, the Angas Faith is right nearby.

When I looked over there, there was already a crowd.

"Why are there so many people?"

I can hear their conversation with my Evil Ears.

While listening to that, I approached the Angas Faith building.

"Is it true? You'll pay the penalty fee for us?"

"Of course. We're currently having a campaign for changing from other faiths."

The Cardinal or whatever fat man gave an explanation.

He seems to be named Nicholas.

Among those listening to him, there weren't few Bridget Faith believers.

Seeing that, Iris received a shock.

"Everyone why?"

"Young lady, are you interested too? We're in the middle of a campaign."

It's difficult to recruit believers due to the 2 year binding, but if they say they'll pay for it, then there'd be no demerits.

However, that alone won't become a reason to gather this many people.

"That's two. There is a reason that so many people have gathered."

That man pulled out a leaflet.

On a big headline, they spread the news of a new campaign.

"Seriously, I'm troubled because the world is filled with idiocy. To think that

they couldn't even come up wiff a campaign like thiff. I'd like them to learn from thiff Nicholas-sama."

While showing off, Nicholas raised his arms and sighed.

"Cash back plan?"

Iris read what was written on the leaflet out loud.

"Yeah. We'll pay the penalty fees. Not only that, we'll return addifional money."

"Rather than returning, isn't that just giving.....?"

It seems that Nicholas didn't hear my muttering.

"I,if you do this, the entire faith will go into the red."

"That much doefn't matter. Rather, why do you care fo much? Are you a fy from fomewhere?"

"Na."

Iris panicked.

With her reaction, we were completely found out.

"From the way you're disguised, you feem to be pretty high up."

"Th,that's....."

"Well then can you take off your funglaffef and hat?"

If she didn't take them off, that'd be the same as admitting it.

Iris gave up, and reluctantly took them off.

"Ah, high priest Iris!?"

A former believer of the Bridget Faith rose their voice.

"Hou hou, fo you're the rumored high priest Irif."

Nicholas made a lewd smile.

"You're rumored to be a fainteff. No no, you live up to your reputation. Fo even high prieftf can convert religionf."

"There's no way that's the case!"

Iris' voice was mixed with anger.

"Swaying people's hearts with money like this is blasphemy to god!"

"Unfortunately, our god approves of doing such things with money."

"I'm the servant of the Goddess Bridget, but I know a bit about Angas. There's no teaching for that."

Iris declared.

It seems like she learned a little about the doctrines of other religions too.

"No, there if."

However, Nicholas strongly spoke back.

"Af for why, it'f becaufe I judged there waf. My feat in my religion if number one, fo my interpretation of the doctrine if correct."

I can't see him as being very intelligent.

While I was thinking that, I heard the voice of an Angas staff member with my Evil Ears.

"Well, that seat was bought with the power of money though."

Indeed, he was Scottyard royalty.

That much could be easily done.

"That's wrong."

"I'd like for you to not fpeak of other religion'f polifies."

Nicholas was fed up with Iris since she didn't back down.

"I can't silently watch as you lead people in the wrong direction."

"Fumu. Then would you like to haff a match?"

"A match?"

"Yeff. A match to fee who can get more followerf by next month. If you think our polifies are wrong, then prove it."

"Fine."

"The lofer will listen to the winner. That'f okay, right?"

Nicholas laughed indecently.

"Hey, there's no need to accept....."

I grabbed Iris' arm and tried to stop her, but Iris shook me off.

"I understand."

When Iris agreed, Nicholas laughed as if he were having fun.

While thinking that this had become a pain in the ass, I took Iris and left the spot.

096. The Evil Gods' Piety

"Why did you accept that match.....?"

Yufilia made a grim look.

The next day, the usual 5 of us were talking.

"I'm sorry."

Shun Iris was shrinking.

"It's 'cause Iris gets hot with anything involving god. It can't be helped."

Jamie tried to mediate.

"Then Jamie, you think of a solution."

"I'll leave it to you!"

When Tiraiza retorted, Jamie immediately *ban ban*, hit her shoulder.

"Ow ow. Please stop hitting me with your stupid warrior strength."

Tiraiza stroked her shoulder.

"Putting that aside, we need to seriously come up with a solution."

"Sorry to bother you."

"It's okay, you saved me last time anyways."

Yufilia responded with a smile.

"How about we respond by returning their cash back too?"

Jamie said what she thought.

"Do you understand what'll happen if we do that?"

Niyari Tiraiza grinned.

"No, I don't at all."

Jamie smiled bitterly.

"To put it simply, they'd thwart each other. We'll be robbed of money by

returning their cash back.”

“But then the people who changed their faith would just profit.”

“Yeah. That’s why we’d raise the penalty for the [2 year binding]. I’m sure the other side has already done that though.”

“While we’re doing that, the faith’s money would rapidly decrease. To cover the deficit we’d have to raise the monthly price.”

Hearing that explanation, Jamie made a dissatisfied face.

“Why do serious followers have to waste their time on people who change their religion like that?”

“Yeah, that’s why countermeasures are impossible. We can’t beat Angas, or rather Scottyard which is behind them, in financial power.”

Receiving Tiraiza’s explanation, Jamie was convinced.

“In the first place, the stance of using money is blasphemy against god, so let’s find another way.”

Yufilia shot an aizuchi.

“Well, we have time so shouldn’t we just honestly do some missionary work?”

When I said that like it was someone else’s problem, Yufilia, Tiraiza, and Jamie looked at me taken aback.

“I think that half of this responsibility is yours.”

“You should have stopped it then.”

“You should think of the solution.”

That’s a terrible way of putting it, but it’s troubling that they’re making light of me.

“Then leave it to me.”

“Eh, really?”

Yufilia was surprised.

“Competing with money is forbidden?”

Jamie voiced her concerns.

"Yeah, 'cause I have about 15,000 friends."

"I've never seen you with a friend. Ah, no, I've seen you with one person before."

Tiraiza looked at me suspiciously.

By one person, she means Adrigori from when we were picking up girls together.

After classes ended, I transferred to the Dark Temple, where I have 15,000 friends.

"That's why I thought I'd consult you for a bit."

I consulted the corps heads at the Dark Temple.

About how there was a religious conflict.

About how I was going to lend a hand to the Bridget Faith, so I wanted them to register as followers.

After listening to my explanation, the corps heads looked to each other.

Well, it's rare for these guys to refuse my orders.

It's already been decided how they're going to answer.

"I refuse."

Morgan, the head of the 8th Corps cut through the silence, and refused.

"I don't wanna."

The 2nd Corps Head, Dante agreed with him.

He's a man with a good-looking face in his 40s.

"Eh? You don't want to that badly?"

I raised a hysterical voice.

"Ashtal-sama, you are our god."

"That's right."

Unusually, Adrigori and Jeko had the same opinion.

"Yeah, and?"

"We won't worship anything other than you."

Gareth and the other Corps Heads seemed negative.

"I believe the people below us will have the same opinion, since all the evil gods were born from you."

The old man gave a supplementary explanation.

In other words, their way of thinking is different from other people.

"You're our only god. This Bridget, a god of this world, isn't even a candidate."

"She's a woman after all."

Jeko commented to Adrigori's words.

They seemed to have a great reason.

"It's not like I'm telling you to seriously change your religion, just to register though."

Everyone thought over my persuasion.

".....If you absolutely need it, then I guess I could endure just registering."

Morgan responded reluctantly.

These guys were more annoying about their religion than I thought they'd be.

"It's just, I don't like that man."

The man Jeko spoke of was the pig, Nicholas or something.

"We should just kill that guy."

A Jeko-like opinion appeared.

"That's a breach of the agreement."

When Adrigori denied him, Jeko got into a bad mood.

"We signed up for a bothersome agreement, to not be able to kill someone we don't like."

"If you killed people based on your mood, humanity'd go extinct though."

Adrigori was taken aback.

"If that happened, there's a high possibility that our activities on the ground would end. It can't be helped."

I tried to stop their conversation.

"Then let's think of another way."

"Is that okay?"

Adrigori asked somewhat earnestly.

He must be ready to do it if I tell him to.

I drew back, so he might have felt sorry.

"I might ask you if there's no choice, but we haven't been cornered that far yet."

When I answered, everyone lowered their heads.

"Well then, we'll prepare ourselves too."

The old man said something I didn't really understand.

I wonder if it means that he prepared his resolve?

I decided to not think too deeply about it, and ended the discussion.

* * * * *

"Buhi. I've one more thing to look forfard fo."

In one of the Anglas Faith's religious facility's rooms, Nicholas seemed happy.

"Now that it'f come to thiff, it'f not the time to be doing experimentf. Let'f put the plan into action at onfe."

At his side was just one of the Anglas Faith's Rhodan branch priests, Dalipp.

Others avoided Nicholas, with reasons such as being busy.

It can also be said that they pushed this role onto the yound Dalipp.

"What do you mean by the plan? Ouch."

When Dalipp asked that, he was poked by Nicholas' uselessly extravagant cane.

"Remember with that little brain of yours. There aren't that many plans."

"N,no way, NMP?"

What Dalipp remembered was a plan that Nicholas confidently explained to him the other day.

"Yeff. We'll recommend that to Rhodan'f citizenf, and diftribute the leafletf in large quantitief. Aff long aff they're not a really obftinate perfon, they'll come to worfhip Angaf."

"Is it alright if we test other plans? Ouch."

Dalipp was poked again.

"Finfe thif if a match, negligene won't be forgiven."

In order to win over followers, they had polished many plans.

They intended to gradually test them out, and see which ones would be popular, but the situation has changed.

"You defide the match by ufig all of your frenght from the beginning."

"Owowowowow."

In a good mood, Nicholas continued rhythmically poking Dalipp.

097. NMP

The next day as soon as class finished, Iris and I transferred over to the Bridget Faith's head office.

The opposing Bridget Faiths' and Daguza Faiths' facilities were just as usual —no, more quiet than usual.

Instead, noise came from the Angas Faith, which was just a little away.

A crowd formed around the Angas Church.

"What on earth.....?"

Iris knit her eyebrows.

She must have a bad feeling.

"Is it true? So what was written on the leaflet wasn't a lie!?"

"Yef, of course. I apoligife, but pleafe wait for your turnf."

Along with the staff of the Angas Faith, the Cardinal Nicholas was dealing with customers.

Seeing us from afar from within that mess, Nicholas approached us.

"Fufun. Thif if reality. People purfue profit."

He handed a leaflet in his hand to Iris.

"The faith will pay for the penalties, and new converters will get a zero pound a month plan. We call it [really 0 pounds]."

"Did you need to put really in the name?"

Because I said that loudly this time, Nicholas looked over here.

"For treatment although it might be a small amount, you still need to pay. 'Shouldn't you give that for free!?' We need to countermeasures against claimer complaints like that." (TLN: A claimer, according to google is someone who insists on finding a fault to get free stuff. *E.g.* Complaining to a candy company to get free candy.)

"This is more serious than I thought....."

I muttered, amazed.

"Finffe we made the treatment costf free, patientf who just check the priffef come to uf."

If they could get it for free, there aren't many people who wouldn't come to their facilities.

I looked to the Angas facility that people are flooding into.

The Angas Faith distributed large amounts of those leaflets.

Seeing that, the Daguza Faith and Bridget Faith's patients rushed over to the Angas Faith.

Then, the situation became that everyone began converting rapidly.

Since this morning, about how many followers converted?

"Wh,why did so many move.....?"

Looking at that sight from the distance, Iris paled.

There aren't just people with strong faith.

She must have known that, but she must be shocked that it's this obvious.

"Thif if the power of NMP?"

"MNP?"

In my previous world, there was something called MNP.

It's the abbreviation of mobile number portability.

In essence, you can change the company you're contracted with while keeping your number.

If you changed your number, it'd be a pain in the ass to inform everyone.

Should you tell those you haven't contacted for years?

It'd be ridiculous to worry over who you should contact.

By the way, it's also possible that the person you're trying to get in contact with has already changed their number, and you'd receive a shock.

It was a ground-breaking solution policy to problems like that.

Of course, no numbers like that exist in this world though.

"NMP. Dalipp, ekfplain it to them."

A young priest accompanying Nicholas began to explain.

"Yes, it's Nicholas-sama's wonderful money plan, or NMP for short."

"Are you a performer from somewhere or something?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean, but wiff thif, the match if fettled."

Nicholas confidently approached Iris.

"With thif movementf, it'f obviouf. Are you still going to continue thif match?"

"Ah.....ah....."

Iris seemed to be overpowered, and couldn't speak.

"Right now I'll even kindly be affectionate with you. If you're ftubborn, I'll have puniff you though."

Nicholas looked at Iris as if her were licking all over her.

"Don't fool around with me! God won't forgive this."

Iris suddenly pulled herself together.

"There if no god."

Nicholas gave a remark you wouldn't expect to hear from a Cardinal, the highest executive of a religious group.

"What accursed things are you saying?"

Iris' face turned red with rage.

"If there waf one, it'f ftrange that they're leaving the world in thif ftate. Why muft humanf continue to be terrorified by demons?"

"God is unconditional and doesn't help anyone. If they did, people would become depraved."

"People have been put in crifegef of deftruction many timef."

"Still, people overcome those."

Nicholas shook his head to Iris' words.

"Again, there if no god. Even if there waf one, they're not a decent one."

This fellow said something interesting.

I narrowed my eyes, and listened closely.

"Are you insulting god?"

"I'm juft fpeaking the truth. There'f no god who'll try to save you now."

"Although you serve god, saying that you'll receive divine punishment."

"Fufu.....if they can do, then go ahead."

Nicholas didn't stop making his victorious face.

With trembling shoulders, Iris turned her face away.

Then she ran back to the Bridget Faith's building.

"Do you have fomething you want to fay too?"

Asked by Nicholas, I thought briefly.

"You're right."

"Hou?"

"I don't think that there are gods in this world either. Not decent ones, at least."

Saying that, I turned back,

—That's why, don't resent me even if you receive divine punishment.

while saying that in my heart.

The next day. We all gathered in front of the Bridget Faith's head office church.

There are also other followers who were feeling uneasy.

"This has become something troubling."

Yufilia knit her eyebrows.

"If there's a religion that's making it free, of course people would think the free one's better."

Tiraiza gave an opinion as a proxy of those who aren't very religious.

"In order to oppose this, we can only give them money each month, and ask them to join....."

"This makes you wonder exactly what faith is."

Iris was thinking seriously.

"No, you'll just be troubled even if you seriously think about that though."

I pacified Iris.

Rather, for faith, it turned out like this because people were noncommittal about it.

"Either way, the other side will just add more money to that, so we have no way of winning with money."

Tiraiza shook her head to the side.

"That's why we should think up another hand, but....."

"If it's a hand, then we have one!"

Suddenly Mick, a staff member of the Bridget Faith stood up.

".....Just in case, let's hear it."

Iris seemed to already have a bad feeling.

She knit her eyebrows.

Mick took out the clothes he prepared.

"You have to wear this and solicit men."

It seemed to be a remodeled habit, the skirt was short, and it was made to show the chest.

A slit was attached to the skirt, and it was made to expose the thighs.

It was a sexy costume with thin fabric.

"How shameless....."

Although Iris might think that, it's just at the level of being a slightly sexy costume.

Even I can endure just this level of clothes.

In the sense of my mystery language.

"You can make the men fall instantly with this. We have 4 peerless beauties here, we can do it!"

"By 4, you mean we're included too....."

Yufilia made a bitter smile.

While considering whether they should wear the clothes, wouldn't they be displeased by being complimented for their appearances?

"Yufi promised that she would cooperate."

"Oh, Till, you're not going to help out?"

"Wearing these clothes is a little.....even size wise."

"I properly made children's sizes too."

"Who are you calling a child?"

Tiraiza suddenly fired a fireball out of anger, and Mick exploded and was blown away.

"Mick-san.....I won't forget about you."

The followers pray for his soul.

No, she held back so he didn't receive that much damage though.

"An, anyways, we won't do something like that."

Iris blushed, and denied it.

"However, we currently don't have any other hand that could possibly reverse the current situation."

Mick casted heal on himself, and got up while staggering.

Even though the Bridget Faith was somewhat superior until the other day, the number of followers in each faith were equal.

After suffering from the [really 0 pounds], about how many will flow away?

Although we still don't know the details, it can be surmised that the Angas Faith's share will exceed 50%.

It won't be easy to regain that.

"Since the people are converting for money, we need to do something unrelated to money."

"Still, to tempt people with such things....."

Purupuru Iris was trembling.

"The Goddess Bridget shouldn't forgive something like this....."

"That's okay. Look at that."

What Mick pointed to was the marble statue of Bridget.

"What about the goddess' statue?"

"Sleeveless clothes that let you see up until her shoulders. Her chest is open. In other words, the goddess approves of such clothes!"

"Ce,certainly."

Iris admitted that her opponent's logic was correct.

In the first place, even I don't know about the ancient gods.

I've never seen their figures or silhouettes, and they probably died in the ancient war.

Naturally, there's no way I'd know their figures.

"Still, a short skirt with a slit is a little."

"The Goddess is the god of love. Rather, isn't this suited to the Goddess?"

"Is that so.....?"

Yufilia voiced her doubts, but Iris was getting convinced.

"At this rate, you won't end up in just that outfit."

Tiraiza made a remark that pushed Iris on the back.

What will happen to her if she loses the match?

I don't really want to imagine it.

"I have no choice but to do this."

Iris prepared herself, and stood up.

"Ooooooh!"

The guys got worked up.

From the next day on, the Bridget Faith's female staff members began soliciting in these costumes.

Although it had some effect, it wasn't enough to overturn the situation.

It seemed to be popular among men, but unpopular among women.

It didn't really go well.

098. Evil Fever

The hottest topic in Rhodan right now is the 3 major religions' competition to win followers.

The street that had the 3 religious facilities on it was more crowded than usual.

The Bridget Faith worships a goddess and has many female followers.

Naturally, a large number of the staff members are women.

They asked their young staff members to wear some slightly sexy clothing, and began soliciting followers.

That seemed to have some effect, and the followers were gradually returning.

Of course, it wasn't anything that could reverse the situation though.

With that method, although we could collect male followers, we could only have light hopes for women.

On top of that, we got complaints from female followers.

There weren't a small number of people who thought that soliciting like that wasn't good.

There were also opinions that the men should do something too.

However, before we could realize that we were surpassed.

I'm looking at this street of religion.

Men with good bodies were soliciting women while half naked.

That was the strategy of the Daguza Faith.

The Daguza Faith had men, the Bridget Faith had women, and the Angas Faith had money.

It means that these were the strategies formed by receiving the influence of the doctrines of each of their individual gods.

Still, it's not like it doesn't feel like they're mistaking the interpretations of

their doctrines.

However you look at them, the solicitors of the Daguza Faith aren't the type of men who prefer women.

They were the type of men that prefer squid types. (TLN: イカニモ系. It means anyone you can tell is gay at first glance.) Probably, not many people will be caught by that.

I retort in my heart, and entered the Bridget Faith's head office.

"Ah."

Noticing that I came inside, Iris shyly hid her body.

Probably in the middle of a conversation, the usual 4 people were sitting in chairs and drinking juice.

"It's not so bad of a costume that you have worry about it that much though."

Tiraiza said that, but she's not wearing the habit.

"Then Till, you wear it too."

Jamie made fun of that.

"I don't have the kind of body you can show to others."

Tiraiza has a complex about her body.

So as to make it so you can't tell her body figure, she usually wears loose clothes.

"Anyways, aren't there a lot of people in this area today?"

Jamie looked around her surroundings.

"It seems like some illness is going around."

Yufilia replied.

"Yeah, I might need to go to the clinic to help out."

Rather, Iris might want to go there.

However, this is the Bridget Faith's head office, so there are many who can use magic.

They were able to deal with it without any problems.

However, that day was nothing but an omen.

After a few days had passed, the city became noisy.

The prevalent disease was a mysterious fever.

In just a few days, it had become widespread within Rhodan.

Since it could be cured with magic, up until now no casualties had appeared.

That relieved the government officials.

If it were a disease with a high death rate, then it wouldn't have ended with just this much commotion.

Knowing it could be healed with magic, people rushed towards the 3 faiths' facilities.

By now, they're not even soliciting followers.

Not only Iris, but Tiraiza and Yufilia who could also use recovery magic helped out with the treatment.

If the symptoms were light, they could be healed with the beginner's magic 'cure'.

Above that was 'refresh'.

The highest grade was a magic called 'high refresh'.

These were used according to their symptoms.

"We're pretty busy, but it seems like we'll make it somehow."

Yufilia must be tired, but she firmly spoke.

"Still, how did this happen?"

Tiraiza tilted her head.

"Tentatively the country's investigating that, but apparently there aren't any leads."

"People who can use recovery magic are being spurred on to heal the illnesses after all."

The Bridget Faith still had some leeway. That was because their followers were decreasing.

Then what about the Angas Faith, who recently collected a large amount of followers?

I went outside the Bridget Faith's facility, and looked in the direction of the Angas Faith.

There was a big mess.

I skipped over that with Evil Sight, and checked on Nicholas.

"Why did thif happen!?"

Nicholas was yelling wildly.

Since they increased their followers, they needed to increase their number of people who could use recovery magic.

They called helpers from their home country.

With that, everything should have gone fine.

"A fever with an unknown cause seems to be prevalent."

Dalipp answered fed up with him.

He must have had to repeat this exchange multiple times over the last few days.

"It'f troubling that the caufe if unknown. Thif if the government'f refponfibility."

Nicholas said that, but to the followers, that was something they didn't care about.

First, treat us. That's all.

In order to keep this fever in check, there was a need to cast 'cure' everyday.

Even if you cured it, you'd be sick again by the next day.

Even so, if you just leave it alone it'd become severe in a few days.

Even for followers there was a limit on how many times they could receive recovery magic.

In the beginning, this was to the degree that just a light fever was produced.

Thus, there were many who just endured it.

After a few days had passed, their conditions deteriorated and they hurried to the church.

At that time, high level recovery magic was needed.

“Our hands are tied. Increasing the followers came back and hurt us.”

Dalipp was sweating from his entire body, and was totally exhausted.

The mood outside had turned to the worst state.

“This is different from what you said! Weren’t we going to receive recovery magic cheaply!?”

“Get the person responsible for this out here!”

In response to their voices, Nicholas went out and tried to calm the crowd.

“Everyone, please calm down. We don’t have an unlimited number of healers or magic power.”

“You said that even if the amount decreases, you’d still have enough healers to deal with this!”

“We can’t deal with this mysterious illness. You should be complaining to the government.”

“Don’t fuck with us!”

The ones raising their voices are the ones that are still energetic.

There were many who weren’t though, and seemed to be suffering.

“I’m begging you! Just cast magic on my daughter! She has a terrible fever!”

The daughter was lying down powerlessly.

Since it’s a mysterious illness, it wouldn’t be strange for her to die at any time.

Well, though she won’t die it’s only natural for a father to beg for treatment as soon as possible.

“When it becomes that severe, we’d need to cast the high level magic ‘high

refref'. But we only have one perfon who can ufe that magic here. That perfon haf already collapfed. I apolgife, but come again tomorrow."

"Can you definitely heal her tomorrow!?"

"I can't make that promife."

Nicholas was pressed by the crowd, and became overwhelmed.

I was watching that sight from the distance.

With this, the Angas Faith's credit will fall to the ground.

No matter how cheap it is, there's no point if it's like this.

Not if it can't be used when you really need it.

Rather, they'd be disliked for soliciting them and having such bad service.

Either way, people will head for the Bridget Faith because they still have leeway and excellent healers.

That's what I thought.

099. Rhodan's Underground

Since a few days ago, a fever had been spreading around the city of Rhodan.

I returned to the Dark Temple, and started thinking for a bit.

I thought of a couple of countermeasures for this.

I thought up one good method.

The problem is that I need a place where I can realize it.

"Hey, underneath Rhodan's center, it's not like there's a secret facility or anything right?"

While thinking there was no way, I asked Adrigori who was by my side.

"Yeah."

"I knew it."

"There is one."

"Fa!?"

I was surprised, and looked at Adrigori twice.

"Come to think of it, I never told you. Julius-sama will be back soon, so I'll tell you then."

After the old man and Jeko returned, the 4 of us flew to Rhodan again.

In a certain single house southeast of the center.

"What are you saying about this normal house?"

When I tilted my head, the old man smiled oddly.

"Well, you'll understand if you see it."

Saying that he unlocked the house, and we went in.

He proceeded to the back, and guided us to that room.

When he pressed a hidden switch on the wall, a portion of the wall moved sideways.

From there I could see stairway to the underground.

“To make something like this.....”

While raising a voice of admiration, I descended to the underground.

When we went down about 100 meters, the staircase ended.

Beyond that was a complicated maze-like passage.

There were also various rooms of various sizes.

“To make such a huge facility.....isn’t this already a labyrinth?”

“They didn’t plan on making anything this big, but the construction manager was too enthusiastic.”

The old man smiled bitterly.

“By construction manager you mean.....”

“It was the construction loving 11th Corps Head, Istim-dono.”

Jeko said that without delay, but it’s not like Istim particularly liked construction.

It’s just that I always leave the construction to him.

He might have found it to be fun in the process though.

In the back was a huge hall.

It was built like a church, and there were huge statues.

They were covered with sheets, so I don’t what they’re statues of though.

“Welcome.”

Istim, who was supervising the construction site noticed us and came over here.

“We just need to finish making the interior now.”

“Y, yeah.....before I knew it, you already began working on something different.”

“Yeah, we finished restoring the Dark Temple’s garden a while ago. After that Julius-sama ordered the construction of this underground temple.”

"What are planning on doing here?"

I look at the old man.

"I thought we'd make a new religion, and do some missionary work."

"Hey, you're not going to call it the Evil God Faith and spread it around, right?"

"No way. That's definitely a violation of the rules, so we just need to twist it a bit."

The old man was laughing, so it must be something like him playing around.

I decided not to mind it.

"Putting that aside, this is just right underneath the center of Rhodan."

"Yeah, this is the street we talked about before."

Adrigori spoke seriously.

"Well then, will you let us do this here?"

"What—"

As soon as Adrigori spoke to me, I released my jaki.

Two jet black wings appeared too.

The Corps Heads and the subordinates who were working on the interior ran away from me at once.

"Are you going to destroy the underground temple we just made!?"

Isitim rose a bitter screaming voice.

"No. This is something that you guys have no influence on, so just shut up."

At this distance, the humans above ground won't notice my jaki.

On this underground facility, every kind of endowment magic(enchants) seem to have been done.

Strength up, soundproofing, aura isolation, and so on.

Multiple magic formations activate.

A countless number of magic formations overlap, and one 3D image is

formed.

It was a skull that released black miasma.

“Evil Fever.”

When my magic was completed, I placed the skull on the altar in the church.

Well, since it’s just a 3D image, if you touch it you’ll just pass through it though.

The subordinates were wary, and kept their distance.

“Is that going to cause a large explosion?”

“It won’t so calm down.”

The subordinates timidly came over here.

“What exactly is this.....?”

Jeko tilted his head.

“Tentatively, this should affect you guys as well. You can easily resist it though.”

“Ashtal-sama, your 3D magic formations are outside of our understanding. Even if we see that, we don’t know what effect it has.”

Adrigori replied.

“The area is the kingdom’s capital, Rhodan. The effect is to make you catch a cold. More specifically, you’ll get a fever. Well, humans won’t be able to resist it so easily.”

When you’re inside the range of Evil Fever, the disease will gradually worsen.

On the first day, it’s just to the extent of getting a slight fever.

By the second day the fever will get worse, and you’ll feel sluggish.

By third day, you’ll be down with the fever. If you push yourself, you can work, but it’s at the level where you should take rest from work.

By the fourth day, the fever makes it difficult to eat.

By the fifth day, you won’t be able to get up.

By the sixth day, you'll be in a coma.

By the seventh day, you deteriorate even more, and it wouldn't be strange for humans to die.

After that, the symptoms gradually progress even more.

It's a magic that exerts such effects.

"I see, so you're going to kill all the people of Rhodan like this."

Jeko seemed to be having fun.

However, immediately after he showed a serious expression.

"Wouldn't it be fine to let the students of Cantabridge Academy off? No, it's not like I'm worrying about them though."

You're worrying about them a lot aren't you?

"I'm not going to kill everyone, so calm down. This time I'll stop it when the effects reach level 5."

When I said that, Jeko felt relieved.

Well, if they stay in that feverish condition for an extended period of time, their physical strength will fall and they might die though.

Before that, I'll heal them.

"What are you going to do by making them sick?"

"Cure them."

"Well, yeah you'd heal them."

Although it won't help to explain it to Jeko, there are others here so I'll explain it.

Currently in Rhodan, the 3 major religions are competing to collect followers.

The one in the lead is the Angas Faith.

They promised to provide medical service at [really 0 pounds], and won a large amount of followers.

However, there is one weak point here.

In the first place, service is finite.

Services that receive recovery magic are especially expensive.

As for why they're so expensive, it's because there aren't enough people.

Even though all priests specialize in using recovery magic, they each have their own activities.

They also need to train themselves.

Since they specialize in healing, they're weak.

The Maou appeared? I don't know, but I'm in trouble.

Also, it's not possible to store basic recovery magic.

If you're just selling it normally, then even if they sell better than anticipated, you have inventories and reserves.

With treatment, you can't do that.

When customers suddenly rush in, they'd be brought to their needs.

The Angas Faith, which has collected a large amount of followers won't be able to cope with this problem.

"I see. There were weak points in their plan. As expected of you, to see through them in a moment."

Adrigori praised me.

"Right now there are many people who decide their faith based on the price of their services. If this fever spreads around, they'll gather at places where there are many people who can heal it."

"The Bridget Faith has the highest capacity by far, right?"

"Other than that being their head office, Tiraiza and Yufilia are cooperating too. The Supreme Priest Azulyla is supposed to be an excellent healer too."

"Fumu, how should we put the rest into order?"

The old man opened his mouth.

"If I release that magic, everything will end."

"No, if possible I'd like to use that for our activities."

"Fumu?"

It seems like they're actively working, making underground temples and such.

I can't check each of their activities one by one, so I decided to let them be.

100. Resolve

While remembering a few days ago, I was watching the mess in front of my eyes.

Up till here was within the realm of expectations.

After one more push, people should rush into the Bridget Faith.

Of course, if they had money they'd immediately come over here though.

Since they can't do that, they're complaining over there.

In order to attract them, a service such as the Bridget Faith paying the penalty fees is needed.

"Uwaa, over there's become something amazing."

I guess Jamie came outside the temple for a break.

Since Jamie can't use magic, she's still energetic because she was only doing odd jobs.

"The Angas Faith seems to have completely exceeded its capacity."

Yufilia came later.

Then she knit her eyebrows.

"Is there a problem?"

"A big one. It's great that the Angas Faith people are disturbed, but those people over there are Briton's citizens."

"However, it'd be tough for us too if that many people rushed over here."

Tiraiza was flapping her clothes.

She must have sweated while using her magic.

"That's why I'm troubled, what should we do?"

Finally, Iris came later.

She seems to be the most exhausted out of everyone I've seen.

"Na. That's....."

Iris looked at the disturbance over there, received a shock, and stopped moving.

"Why did it turn out like this.....?"

"The Angas Faith has exceeded its capacity. It's 'cause they lightly made promises, and increased their numbers too much."

Iris listened to my explanation, knit her eyebrows, and tried to head towards the crowd.

"I can't leave it like this."

But I stopped her.

"If we wait for them, they'll come to the Bridget Faith. Or, if we go over there and solicit them, many people will come. 'The Bridget Faith still has leeway to treat people,' and so on."

With this, Iris won the match. The illness will also be cured.

It was a perfect solution.

"However....."

Iris was worrying.

"Why do need to worry? Wasn't it your wish to increase your followers?"

"My wish....."

"No, this is something god did, considering your will, isn't it?"

Iris suddenly began to think over my words.

Afterwards, she nodded, and her eyes were filled with power.

"That's right.....that's right, isn't it?"

Iris muttered that, and walked in the direction of the Angas Faith.

"Hey hey."

We follow after her.

When we got closer to the Angas Faith, Nicholas' face conspicuously

distorted.

"What'd you come here for. Did you come to laugh or something? Or did you think it was a good opportunity, and come to recruit?"

"This isn't the time to be thinking about things like that!"

Nicholas lost his presence of mind to Iris' strong tone.

"Na."

"Please gather the seriously ill here."

"To heal them, you need high refresh."

"I know that. I can use it."

Nicholas stared in wonder to Iris' words.

"You don't have any merit in doing that....."

"Hurry up and do it!"

"Yes. I'll quickly gather them."

Under Nicholas' commands, several tens of seriously ill patients were brought on stretchers.

"This many isn't possible....."

Only Iris and Tiraiza can use high refresh, and Yufilia can't.

Yufilia bit her lip in regret of her uselessness in this situation.

"Let's do as much as we can."

Tiraiza casted high refresh, and treated patients.

However, since she already had used quite a bit of magic, she ran out of magic power before even reaching ten people.

Similarly, Iris too ran out of magic power.

"You've faved enough."

"Yeah, thank you very much."

The people were also touched by her figure of healing even people who converted to other religions.

Already, there wasn't anyone left who would make a commotion.

"No, not yet. There are still seriously ill patients."

"You can just come back again tomorrow."

"There's the possibility that they won't hold out until tomorrow."

"But how....."

Iris focused her mind.

Then, she approached the next patient.

"Hey, that's....."

Yufilia realized her intentions, and tried to stop her.

I grabbed her hand.

"High Refresh."

When Iris casted her magic, the patient's fever dropped, and their breathing calmed down.

"Eh, how?"

Doubts came from the crowd.

The crowd that was watching was taken aback, and surprised.

Blood flowed from Iris' mouth.

"Yeah, even if you run out of magic power, you can still use magic by sacrificing your life force——"

You use magic by cutting down your life.

"Yo, you don't have to go that far!"

Some tried to stop her, but Iris didn't mind them and continued treating people.

"Healing people is the what all priests wish to do."

"Yo, you're just trying to raise your image like that, aren't you?"

Nicholas involuntarily shouted.

He was afraid of Iris, who took actions that he couldn't understand.

"Increasing your faith's followers is also an important job, but it's outclassed by healing people. That's the will of god."

As if he were playing dumb, Nicholas looked at Iris.

"It can't be helped....."

Tiraiza resolved herself, and continued treating people.

At the same time as she finished healing the last one, Iris collapsed.

She lost consciousness.

I held her in my arms.

"Wa, hurry up and heal her!"

Someone poorly informed in magic shouted that, but I shook my head to the side.

"You can't heal the life she shaved off in order to use magic with magic. We can only let it heal naturally. It'll take some time. Just stop her bleeding."

Blood was flowing from Iris' entire body.

Yufilia received Iris, and ran in a rush.

"Ar, are you okay?"

"Excellent adventurers have much more life force than ordinary humans. There's no threat to her life."

Everyone was relieved by my words.

While Tiraiza and Jamie supported her, we walked back to the Bridget Faith's head office.

"I, it wafn't fuppoferd to be like thif. I didn't do anything wrong."

Nicholas was deranged, and ran to the back of the faith's facility.

"You were called Dalipp or something? About how many more patients can you see here?"

"U, um, if they have mild symptoms, then about 100. If they need refresh,

then about 20~30.”

Dalipp answered after some thought.

“Then, the rest should go to the Bridget Faith.”

“We can’t afford to pay for expensive medical expenses outside of our followers.”

I heard a voice like that.

“We’ll do it somehow.”

I declared that without hesitation.

‘Exactly how?’ I heard someone mutter that.

“If you believe me, then follow after me.”

“This person is the one who stopped the riots in Rhodan the other day, Ashtal-dono. There can’t be any mistakes in what he says.”

A remarkably loud voice came from the crowd.

I feel like I’ve heard it before somewhere, but that doesn’t matter.

“Si,since that person’s saying it, should we believe in him?”

One, and another started to take action.

When I arrived at the entrance of the Bridget Faith’s head office, one person was already waiting.

The Bridget Faith’s Supreme Priest.

Azulyla, was that person.

“I’ve heard what happened. We’ll accept them, we’ll get through it somehow.”

Azulyla’s face was also darkly colored with fatigue.

“Is that okay?”

I thought they’d have to pay a considerable amount of money.

“I can’t make any promises from tomorrow on though. Since Iris went that far, we have to respond to her. My god wishes for that.”

I nodded, and headed for the underground temple.

101. Something Concluded and Something Not

In the underground shrine, there were people doing construction work.

They saw me and began to panic, trying to assemble, but I take command of them with my hand.

I ordered them to not worry about me and keep working.

I approached the altar.

There was the 3D image skull that showed the Evil Fever magic.

I canceled that magic.

“Fumu.”

A voice came from behind me.

It was the old man.

“So you were there. Sorry, but I had you let me cancel the magic.”

“Yes. There are no problems.”

With an unconcerned face, the old man informed me of that.

As if he'd already predicted this.

“Did you see it?”

As long as they're and evil god, they can use Evil Sight.

It's not that hard to use it.

No, that reminds me, I just heard a voice that I knew from somewhere.....

“Since this plan involved a bunch of unrelated people, I didn't think we could do it for a long time.”

“That's roundabout.”

“I thought we could cancel that, and advertise at the same time though.”

The old man held something like a talisman in his hand.

It must be endowed with the effect of erasing the effects of Evil Fever.

I don't what they're advertising for though.

"Those girls must have tried to solve it somehow. They did as much as they could."

"What about it?"

"Isn't it great that you have great companions?"

The old man smiled broadly.

The old man shows a face like this once in awhile.

"I, It's not like I changed my mind about that or anything."

"Yeah, this is mostly just as we expected."

The old man is laughing.

I couldn't endure that, and immediately went back to the Dark Temple.

Although the magic was released, it's not like the illness disappeared at the same moment.

Although, they won't deteriorate, and they'll heal even if you just leave it to natural healing.

Therefore, the next day each faith was considerably busy.

Around a time where they could reach a pause, Nicholas visited the Bridget Faith. As it was, the faith was already busy.

To be exact, he was stealthily peeking into the Bridget Faith from the entrance.

Many of the Bridget Faith's followers noticed him.

However, thinking that it'd definitely turn into a pain in the ass, they all ignored him.

"What's that?" "Apparently stray baby pig is peeking into the church."

Such quiet conversations could be heard.

Not wearing the sexy habit, but her outfit from before, Iris came.

Her hands were wrapped in bandages, and probably so was all of her body.

Since she couldn't expose that, she wore her usual clothes.

Yufilia and the others were with her too, and came over here when they found me.

"You seem healthy."

When I called out to them, Tiraiza half opened her eyes.

"If you're saying that while looking at Iris and I, then your eyes need treatment."

Tiraiza also had bandages around her arms and neck.

However, there's no mistaking that it doesn't seem like there's a problem.

"Well, they can't be cured with magic."

Yufilia made an apologetic face.

Well, in the first place if they could be cured with magic then they would've done it themselves.

"So, what's that?"

When Jamie tried to point towards the entrance, I hurriedly grabbed her finger and stopped her.

"I don't know, but we shouldn't get involved. Everyone thought that, and is ignoring it."

"It's a mystery what he came here for. Honestly, the match's results have basically been decided, but there's still time towards the due date."

Tiraiza tilted her head.

Iris sighed, and headed towards the entrance.

Since she's one of the faith's higher ups, processing trouble is one of her duties.

"You can't hide that huge body. Everyone finds you suspicious, so if you don't have any business can you leave?"

Iris' voice was cold.

Since she had no reason to have goodwill towards him, it's only natural.

"Ah. Au....."

Nicholas seemed to be mumbling something.

His usual arrogant and pompous attitude couldn't be heard.

"Uu,um. Yefterday I became indebted to you."

"If it's about that, then you don't need to thank me."

Iris' attitude was curt.

"No, you faved my faith'f followerf, fo it'f only natural."

Nicholas was somewhat restless.

It seems like his actual issue is something different.

"I,I think we've had a bit of a mifunderftanding."

"What?"

Unable to keep up with the changed topic, Iris tilted her head.

"The God Daguza and the Goddess Bridget aren't hostile towards each other.
Don't you think we're the same?"

"Wa, yeah....."

"I have come prepared to reconcile."

"What do you mean by reconcile?

"Let's make it so that the match never happened."

"Really?"

Jamie raised a hysterical voice.

"Really. The followers who want to return to the Bridget Faith will be allowed
to without paying the penalty fee."

"Eh, will you do that much?"

"Your side treated patients for no charge too. We're tied."

Nicholas timidly held out his hand.

“I want to get along from now on.”

“Ah, yeah. Please take care of us.”

I don’t quite understand, but apparently Iris’ problem is solved.

Iris took his hand with a smile.

“Th,thank goodness.”

Nicholas *ho* stroked his chest.

“F,fo, how about we go out for dinner fometime?”

Since he said that much, even the dull Iris completely sensed it.

Iris’ face stiffened.

“Ah, this is one of those things.....”

Tiraiza was desperately trying to endure laughing.

“So that pig-san fell for Iris.”

Jamie ‘kukuku’ laughed quietly.

“Well, with this the problem is solved. It seems like a strange guy’s following Iris around too, but that can’t be helped.

Does [too] mean that Yufilia’s included too?

With a feeling of going ‘yareyare’, I put my hands on my waist.

“Awawawa. I’m a servant of god, so I plan on offering everything up to god.”

This time, Iris panicked and made a commotion.

I don’t know since when they were watching from, but the Supreme Priest Azulyla came near them and rose his voice.

“Yareyare. The Goddess Bridget endorses marriage. Rather, she blesses it.”

As usual, without releasing his smile, he spoke gently.

“Ah.....umm.....”

In a hurry, Iris looked around her surroundings.

She especially looked at Yufilia and the others.

However, they were just happily laughing at her, and didn't show any signs of giving her a helping hand.

"H, how about it?"

Pushed by Nicholas, Iris drew back.

At that time, her eyes met with mine.

Iris looked relieved, and *tokotoko* came closer to me.

Nn? What?

Then she *gui* grabbed my hand.

"I, I have this person, so sorry!"

To Iris' sudden declaration, nobody spoke.

"tcほ、まいういffんでふあm(Translation: Wai, what are you talking about?)"

I got upset, and proper words don't come out.

"Yo, you had that kind of relationship....."

Nicholas was shocked, and his face paled.

"E, excuse me."

While crying, Nicholas *dosudosu* ran away.

Ah, he fell down.

Dalipp, who was watching him from a bit away somehow helped him up, and Nicholas left while being supported by him.

There's a soft feeling of something drooping on my arm.

I don't know if she broke through because of her declaration, but Iris didn't try to leave my side.

"Hurry up and separate."

Yufilia broke us apart.

"We apologize for having no idea of your relationship."

Everyone at the Bridget Faith began to pay their respects to me.

What kind of treatment is this?

"He's just a stalking horse to drive off that pig. It's not like that."

Tiraiza spoke in a strong tone.

"She's a saintess who devoted her body to god after all."

Yufilia poked fun at her.

"It's because the Goddess Bridget is a god who endorses marriage."

Iris' cheeks swelled.

"That's the opposite of what you said earlier."

Jamie was taken aback.

The people of the Bridget Faith sensed the dangerous signs behind their interactions.

From fear, one, then another ran away from the church.

Secretly, as to not be noticed by them.

I want to go home too, but it doesn't seem like I'll be able to go home for a while.

102. Justin Cult

Like that, the Evil Fever uproar ended, but it's not like everyone recovered with magic.

Although there weren't many who didn't receive decent medical care, they did exist.

There were others who lived alone who tolerated it at first, then got worse and became unable to move.

For those people, the Daguza, Bridget, and Angas Faiths haven't done anything.

This was because the three major religions didn't even have that much leeway.

If they were left untreated, there would have been a danger to their lives.

However, there were those who伸出手 to them.

Those mysterious people secretly handed out talismans to those suffering.

When they possessed that talisman, their fevers fell in an instant.

The people whose fevers fell were unable to see their figures.

However, on the talisman were a never-before-seen logo mark and name.

—Justin Cult, or so was written.

“Missionary work failure.”

Adrigori said that with a serious face.

In Rhodan's underground temple, the Corps Heads gathered.

According to the original plan, they were supposed to distribute these talismans, and make a striking debut for the Justin Cult.

However, since Ashtal changed the plan and released his magic, the pandemic didn't become any bigger.

For the time being, they distributed them to people who seemed to have symptoms so as not to be noticed, but there weren't that many of them.

"Ashtal-sama changed his mind, so it can't be helped."

Jeko didn't show any signs of minding it at all.

"However, this is still one of the endings we expected."

Julius spoke with an unconcerned expression.

"Ashtal-sama is a former human who reincarnated into this world. It can't be helped that he's soft on humans."

"We were influenced by that."

Adrigori nodded.

"Is that so? I wouldn't really mind it no matter how many humans died though."

Jeko made a curious face.

"So it's fine even if the students of Cantabridge Academy die?"

"My acquaintances are different. Well, even among my acquaintances, you can go ahead and die though."

".....That way of thinking that acquaintances are different, has already been influenced by Ashtal-sama. We're evil gods."

Adrigori firmly endured biting onto Jeko's casual provocation.

"That would bring to the discussion, 'What are evil gods?' What is it we really need to do?"

Gareth seriously pondered.

"That's stupid. It'd be boring if what we had to do was decided at birth."

Uninterested, Jeko cut through the conversation.

"To say nothing of demons, whose thinking is determined at birth. They're out of the question."

From the moment they're born, demons have a strong hatred towards humans.

There are no exceptions.

That influences many of their behaviors.

If Jeko was a demon.....he stopped thinking about this.

On top of it not seeming to be a fun assumption, it was a pain in the ass.

“Conversely, you could say that they have a clear duty. Isn’t that something to be happy about?”

Julius had distant eyes.

“Indeed, it’s boring without any purpose or lifespan.”

Jeko nodded.

“Of course, recently I’ve been passing time while enjoying the things I’m grateful for though.”

“Well, it’s because you’re living a school life.”

Adrigori seemed vexed.

Who would support their lord as he went to school was decided by a lottery.

He lost then.

“Well, I’m just a janitor though.”

“The students wouldn’t even dream of the janitor being an evil god.”

Morgon smiled with a suspicious expression.

It felt like a spy was sneaking around.

However, not only was the director not groaning about him, he wasn’t particularly doing any problematic actions.

Jeko’s reputation as a janitor wasn’t bad.

“In the first place, people don’t know that evil gods exist.”

Adrigori retorted with a serious face.

“Can’t we just leave as ‘it’s great if he’s having fun?’”

Gareth ended the discussion.

“We have the duty of following Ashtal-sama. That’s enough.”

Adrigori agreed.

“Was there any meaning to calling out an Evil God from another world? What’s more, a former human?”

Morgon raised his doubts.

“A god of another world did that. It’s only natural that they chose someone from another world.”

Adrigori replied.

“There are no gods in this world after all.”

Jeko declared.

“That’s just probably, however. Well, a god that doesn’t appear for 1000 years while humanity faces danger is the same as nonexistent.”

“Gohon.”

Gareth cleared his throat.

That meant to return to the subject.

“Anyways, although only to a few people, we did some missionary work.”

“We’ll spread out gradually.”

Istim approached here.

He must have been directing the construction.

“The chapel will be usable soon.”

“Thank you for your work.”

Julius thanked him for his struggles.

“Today too, people will feel more like worshipping a god that does exist over one that doesn’t.”

“Well, we can’t speak about those gods though.”

Julius smiled bitterly.

Speaking about the Evil God is prohibited.

“They’ll come to know of us someday.”

Adrigori responded seriously.

"Anyways, we've become followers of the Justin Cult, so let's each do some missionary work individually."

Everyone nodded to Julius' words.

"Don't overdo it and cause a riot. Especially Jeko."

"Among us, I should be the one whose fused with the city the most. I won't make a mistake like that."

Jeko confidently denied Adrigori.

Adrigori looked at him uneasily, but Jeko didn't pay any attention to it.

Like this, the Justin Cult started genuine activities.

For now, people don't yet know of the riots started by this religion.

103. Evil God Conference ③

The conference room of the Dark Temple.

The usual faces had assembled there.

The Evil God, I.

The overseer, the old man, Julius.

Then, the 15 Corps Heads.

"Well then, this month's motto will be [Let's go all-out]." (TLN: Dragon Quest tactic.)

The old man proceeded the conference.

"I don't know what we're going all-out on though."

I muttered out loud.

"I was thinking it was about time to increase our activities outside. There are some who want to go out more too."

Gareth responded on their behalf.

Up until now, there was a limit on the number of people working outside.

It's not like everyone could just leave whenever they wanted.

As expected, that would stand out too much.

Humans and evil gods have different ways of thinking and strengths, so there will be some who cause problems.

I thought over it for a moment.

Well, if you open the lid, the one who stood out and moved a lot causing messes was me.

It was me. (TLN: Uses 'watashi' for this line and the one above.)

Thus, you can pretty much say that it's alright already.

When we decided on a motto, the subject changed to this, and they really got

into it.

Unexpectedly, their dissatisfaction might have been swelling.

“This is about the next subject though, it’s about the case of the mysterious disappearance of Hamilton Fortress.”

“What a mystery—. I wonder why it mysteriously disappeared—?”

I said that lightly, and waited for a retort.

However, nobody retorted.

Everyone averted their faces.

“Hey, aren’t you going to jump on?”

“It’s because even for us, taking that magic would put our lives in danger.....”

The 8th Corps Head, Morgan spoke timidly.

Apparently it wasn’t a material they could easily retort on.

No, I won’t use Catastrophe or something if I get retorted back to though.

“About that, isn’t it bad to not have Hamilton Fortress for the next time the Maou appears?”

The old man returned to the subject at hand.

“Certainly, there’s a high possibility that the next time the Maou appears will turn into a demonic calamity.”

I nodded.

“Why do you know that?”

Jeko tilted his head.

“The next Maou’s strength changes depending on the way the last Maou was defeated.”

Adrigori explained.

“Hou.”

“If the period between the Maou’s appearance and its death is short, the next Maou tends to be strong.”

“Does that mean that it’s easy for a strong Maou to appear after a weak Maou?”

“That’s how it is. To the end, it’s only a tendency though, and the Maou’s strength has a large random element to it, so there isn’t a small chance that a weak one will come out though.”

“Then wouldn’t it be fine if they just ignored the Maou for a while after it appears?”

Jeko said something natural.

Adrigori thought the same, but he shook his head to the side.

“Humans don’t know of this mechanism. We noticed because we observed them for a long period of time.”

“To be accurate, Ashtal-sama noticed it.”

The old man added in his comment.

“As expected.”

Jeko raised a voice of praise.

“My hobby is observation after all. If you’re holed in for 1000 years, you’ll think of useless things like that.”

I’m not that diligent with it, but I do have a diary.

I noticed it while reading through it.

“Are you planning on teaching that to the humans?”

Asked by Jeko, I thought for a second.

If I taught this to humans, how will they act?

They’d delay defeating the Maou for as long as possible.

The Maou suddenly appears, without any signs.

The Maou appears at the same time as their subordinates.

If they defeat its subordinates, and ignore the Maou Castle for a while, they know that the demon population will gradually recover.

There's no sign of them breeding, so it seems that they just 'POP', like in a game.

Therefore, even if they just let the Maou live for a while, they'll just increase the number of humans sacrificed.

The burden of constantly surrounding the Maou Castle is large too.

Until now, humans have thought that, and defeated the Maou as soon as possible.

However, if you add in this information, the situation changes.

In order to avoid a strong Maou, they'd leave it alone for a certain period of time, then go defeat it.

"In the end, this is just an estimate. Even if we taught them, we'd just be announcing that theories like this exist."

"If that's the case, then we have just the right professor."

Who is this professor that the old man speaks of?

I abandoned who I was thinking of.

"I don't know who they are, but give my best regards to that professor."

The old man said 'Understood', and bowed.

"As far as I know, the last Maou was defeated the quickest. Well, it was the weakest too though."

Weak Maous can easily be beaten.

Defeating the Maou is the highest honor.

Once people know that it's weak, sometimes they compete to beat it.

The ones who won that, were Yufilia and the others.

"That's why i think we should do something about Hamilton Fortress."

"Eve if you say to do something, won't Scottyard just rebuild it?"

"Like that, they won't be able to deal with a strong Maou. Scottyard seems to be lost since the fortress they invested large amounts of money in turned into a crater."

It still hasn't been that long since Hamilton Fortress vanished.

I wonder if they didn't feel like rebuilding it immediately?

"So?"

"I was thinking that we make a fortress there. We'll use our techniques to make it to the level that humans wouldn't be able to make it."

"I see. We'll lend the humans a hand at the time of the demonic calamity, but will the new Hamilton Fortress carry our role?"

"At your will."

The old man gave a short reply back.

"Who should make it.....I don't even need to ask though."

Jeko looked to the 11th Corps Head Istim.

"That's a pretty interesting project! I'll make you the best fortress and show it!"

Istim was in high spirits.

"Is it alright to make the best fortress?"

I tilt my head.

Because, if he does too much it'll be over specced.

"For that, I'll base it on the construction period."

"Go all out on that."

Adrigori gave his opinion like he was confirming the motto.

"If you make the entire outside out of orihalcon, then the demons won't have an easy time destroying it."

Jeko said that casually, but isn't that going too all out?

"Don't be unreasonable. Just processing that much orihalcon alone is really tough."

Istim complained to Jeko.

"Well then, the new Hamilton Fortress' construction plan has been

approved."

Everyone nodded to the old man's words.

It was unanimously approved.

104. School Festival Preparations

After the religious conflicted ended, I headed to Cantabridge Academy as usual.

The school's atmosphere was different than usual.

You could say that they were somewhat restless.

The classroom was noisy too.

"Good morning."

Noticing me, Yufilia lightly shook her hand.

"Good morning. Did something happen?"

I sit down at my seat.

Several people seem to be making a group and talking about something that's not this and not that.

Since I began coming to school, I've been involved in a few disturbances one way or another.

I that this was another one of those.

"No, this is different. It's the so-called that. The school festival season."

Tiraiza had her cheek placed on her desk.

It seems her painful to look at bandages still haven't been removed.

"It seems like there'll be some events that have different aspects than from normal schools."

Similarly wrapped in bandages, Iris replied.

"Of course, there will be things like coffee shops and stands too."

Jamie seemed to be having fun.

I guess she must like festivals.

"A school festival huh.....?"

I made distant eyes.

It's from over 1000 years ago, but of course there were school festivals in my previous life.

Right then, when I tried to remember happy memories—— There weren't any.

I didn't have any memories like that.

"Hey, what just happened?"

Yufilia panicked.

"Suddenly crying and stuff, do you have bad memories about school festivals or something?"

Tiraiza was taken aback.

"You're noisy."

"Was I on point?"

"I don't have any bad memories. However, I don't have any memories at all."

"There there."

Iris came over to me and patted my head.

I wonder if she's trying to comfort me?

"Ashtal, you said you came from the eastern countryside right?"

Yufilia tilted her head.

"There aren't any schools over there."

Tiraiza nodded.

"But Ashtal himself has good influence, so I wonder if he's one of those local celebrities or something?"

"Yeah, that's probably he probably went to a distant school. It might be that the school he visited had a school festival."

"Then, he something terrible happened to him....."

"No, again I haven't had anything bad happen to me....."

I denied them in a small voice, but they didn't hear me.

"There there."

Iris patted my head again.

"Then he gained a phobia of women, and his words started going crazy."

Yufilia reached a conclusion.

"I see, the mystery has been solved."

Tiraiza placed her hand on her chin, and nodded.

No, a lot of things are wrong though.

"In the first place, how did you get a trauma of school festivals? That's not normally possible."

Jamie's few words gouged out my heart.

It's not common to have terrible things happen to you, but living alone and by yourself is something that happens all the time.

"So, what will we do for the school festival?"

I changed the subject.

Cantabridge isn't an ordinary school.

Especially the adventurer course is completely different from a normal school.

Will the class' events be something adventurer-like?

"That's what everyone's so talking so noisily about. What should we host?"

"The safe choice would be to open a shop. A restaraunt."

Tiraiza added that onto Yufilia's explanation.

"Also, we could do a haunted house or something?"

I wonder if it's fine for Iris to say 'haunted house'?

She's a priest though.

"Those are normal. Aren't there any adventurer course-like ones?"

When I asked that, Yufilia put her hand on her waist.

“Our exhibitions as adventurers would be supervised by each club’s activities.”

The swordplay club would show off their sword skills, and the magic club would demonstrate their magic.

“What about the Dungeon Capturing club?”

“It’s the Dungeon club.....”

Yufilia smiled bitterly.

I forgot the club’s official name since we haven’t been active recently.

“Since we can’t demonstrate the capturing of a dungeon, I guess we’ll just collect some materials.”

“Since dungeon capturing has been popular lately, a few people might come.”

Thanks to Fairy-san’s hard work, people began to take an interest in dungeons.

However, the sage Tiraiza seemed to find it strange.

“Well, we don’t know exactly what’s going on, but for now, most people are fine since there’s treasure there.”

In addition, the management organized a martial arts competition. Apparently some glamorous goods will appear.

After they’ll hold a beauty contest. However, when the subject changed to that, the 4 of them made unpleasant expressions.

“I refuse to do an exhibition like that. So far as it goes, I’m a princess.”

“It’s pointless to behave like a sweet princess at this point. The people know of your normal activities too.”

“Ara, then in that case I’ll just leave it to you instead.”

“I’d just be in a costume with high exposure in vain right? I refuse.”

“The goddess doesn’t wish for you to judge people based on their appearances.”

“Even if a huge woman appears like that.....”

I wonder if I touched on a subject I shouldn't have?

No, it's not like I brought up the topic though.

"Anyways, that's a suitable day for Ashtal's training."

I don't know if it's a suitable day, but there are no days that aren't suitable.

There isn't any problem with training.

"Well then, on that day with me—"

Tiraiza grabbed Yufilia's shoulder when she wanted to say something.

"Yufi, you're busy that day right? You're the club president after all."

"Don't you have your own club too?"

"It's a club that's basically half-dormant anyways. Recently I haven't even been doing any activities."

"Gununununu."

"Fufufu.....I won't let you get ahead alone."

I don't really understand, but Yufilia and Tiraiza are fighting with suspicious expressions.

"I also have an event with the Bridget Faith, but other than that I'm free."

Iris spoke conserved.

"I,I'm always OK."

Jamie's voice was excited.

For a while, the 4 of them caused a shower of sparks.

I didn't understand watching why they were going *kyorokyoro*, and everyone released a sigh.

"Should we go in order?"

The 4 people nodded.

Like this, my schedule for the school festival was filled.

105. Relaxing Countryside Date

Iris' injuries healed, and so Iris and I decided to go out together.

At first, we discussed about how we went out to scout out the Daguza and Angas Faiths.

However, in the end we got involved in the mess, and I wasn't able to train at all.

I thought it'd be nice to have a proper opportunity.

When I said that, the other 3 made delicate faces.

They ended up approving of it reluctantly.

Iris, who was at the meeting place was wearing a parka on top of a striped camisole.

As before, her trousers were hot pants.

"Ah."

When she noticed me, Iris *tokotoko* came up to me.

"Pl,please take care of me."

Iris gave an awkward greeting.

"Yeah, me too."

"So, where should we go?"

"If you're fine with the same as everyone else, Dubram?"

The capital of the Island Kingdom, Dubram.

I had a number of opportunities to go there, so I became somewhat knowledgeable about the city.

Mainly about restaurants and apparel stores.

"Yeah, I think rather than a big city like that, a quiet place would be better."

The moment I heard that answer, I stiffened up.

Crap, I didn't prepare any plans for other cities.

"Then, how about we go to a town near my hometown?"

She must have sensed that I didn't have any plans.

Iris proposed that.

"By your hometown you mean....."

"It's deep in the mountains of Istham. As expected, there's too little to do in my hometown, so there's a peaceful town a little more away from the mountains."

Iris' hometown is a city that passes down the legends of the Evil God.

Well, even if I do something there it's not like they'd notice.

I accepted that, and Iris took my hand and transferred.

My sight distorted, and when it got back to normal, I could see some peaceful rural scenery.

"A town.....?"

I tilted my head.

"Tentatively, this is classified as a town in this country."

Apparently this town is called Dalam.

The population is about three thousand.

Even if we decided to eat first, you can only to the point you can count them.

On Iris' recommendation, we entered a small wooden building.

The menu was small, and the cooking wasn't very refined.

We ate a salty soup and hard bread.

"Even when I went to Rhodan, I had this food."

It just means that the countryside's food situation is like this.

Iris yearned for her hometown's cooking.

When we finished eating, and I tried to pay the bill, I noticed something careless.

I didn't have any Isthamb currency.

"Is it alright even with foreign currency?"

"Yeah, rather, it's something I'm grateful for."

When I asked that, a manager-like person responded.

"Are the two of you travelers?"

The manager explained.

Since Isthamb rebelled against Scottyard at the anti-demon conference the other day, they became unable to borrow money from them.

Naturally, they were in a pinch, but the measure the Istam King took was to give up repaying them.

In other words, the country's bankrupt.

"No, is that okay?"

"Well, trade with other countries has stopped, so there are some who are troubled, but this country is a small country in the mountains. We can somehow manage to be self-sufficient, and the majority of the people don't mind."

The serenity of the countryside is something to be feared.

I'm sure that Scottyard intended to take revenge on them, but apparently it didn't work much.

The exchange of currency has also been suspended.

However, there's an off chance that foreign currencies might come in handy.

That's why, I was able to safely pay with Briton currency.

After we finished our meals, we sat on top of a hill.

While basking in a pleasant wind, we looked over the area.

"Tentatively, this is a sightseeing area. Like that mountain for example."

The mountain that Iris pointed at was Old Tranford Mountain.

It's a mountain range in the tallest class of in the world.

In the middle of it, there was a huge gaping hole.

“Apparently that was destroyed by some mysterious power during the second demonic calamity, along with the demons and the Maou.”

“H,hee. I wonder who did it?”

I answered in monotone.

“God came to save us. Thinking that is only natural. You can see that mountain from my hometown. Somewhere along the line when I was praying daily, I became a priest.”

In eastern countries, the Bridget Faith is mainstream.

Iris became a priest of the Bridget Faith.

Afterwards, having her talent approved of, Iris was recommended to Rhodan’s Cantabridge Academy.

Then she met Yufilia and the others, and told the hero who defeated the Maou of the legends.

The result was that day.

The day when Yufilia and the others came to the Dark Temple.

Not much time has passed since then.

Ever since then, I’ve gained freedom.

When I remembered that time, Iris called out to me.

“Would you lie down for a bit?”

As I was told, I lied down.

The feeling of the grass is pleasant.

“Please close your eyes too.”

As I was told, I closed my eyes.

Well, if I use magic then it’s possible for me to see though.

Two small hand approached my head, and lightly lifted it.

Then, when it was released, it was supported by something like a pillow.

However, it was a warm pillow.

Huh? What's this?

"You can open your eyes now."

When I opened my eyes, Iris' face was in front of me.

I looked up at the two large bulges from below.

I was put on a lap pillow.

Underneath my head, are raw plump thighs.

"まくあrrペdお(Translation: What are you doing?)"

I felt shaken.

"Ara, it seems like it went well."

Iris *kusukusu* laughed.

"Tentatively, this supposed to be training, so you have to do at least this much."

Iris' face blushed a little.

"ふあtかひえmrまshntご"いrhydy(Translation: If you're embarrassed, you don't really have to do it.)"

"I don't understand what you're saying, but this is my thanks."

I didn't understand the meaning of what Iris said, and tilted my head.

"Ahn, nn, that tickles."

As a result, I ended up tickling Iris' thighs, and Iris raised her voice.

"むnあい(Translation: Sorry.)"

However, even if she says 'thanks', I have no idea what she's thanking me for.

This time, I don't think that Evil Fever was revealed to be my work.

In the first place, she was openly angry about that, so she wouldn't thank me.

"You said it right? That increasing our amount of followers is what I want to do."

I nodded to Iris' words.

"Ahn, th,that's when I thought: why am I increasing our followers? That's because it was the faith's orders."

Iris made a face as if she was tickled for a moment, and immediately returned to her serious face.

"Following that, I tried to win over followers. I don't think that was wrong, but there are multiple more important things than that."

Iris put her small and sweet hand on my face.

"I became a priest because I wanted to heal people. That's something that fulfills God's intentions. It just means I was immature, having my heart sway over the fluctuation of followers."

Iris smiled sweetly.

"That's why, I decided to move as I wanted to then. Ashtal-san, you were the one who made me realize that."

"Is that so?"

I seemed to have calmed down, and I was able to speak as usual.

Honestly, what I did didn't turn out well, and I didn't intend to give her that much advice.

However, if the results ended up positive to her, then that's good.

"That's why, can we stay like this for a while?"

We passed time in those stances for a while.

106. Is This a Date Too?

The day I was going out with Jamie.

Since the others were busy with the school festival preparations, we decided to go out because we were free.

Furthermore, since Jamie couldn't take that much time, we decided to do it.

Space

The meeting place is the Briton Kingdom's royal castle, Wolic.

I didn't understand why we were meeting there, but I headed for the castle.

Space

It is possible for me to transfer inside the castle if I wanted to.

However that's rude, so I restrained myself.

Space

In the first place, if someone was able to suddenly transfer into a place where the king and the nation's important people are, then the security wouldn't be able to do anything.

Therefore, it's normal to seal off the building by casting endowment magic that prevents against transfer techniques.

Of course, the endowment technique isn't that simple, so it costs a large amount of money to cover the entire castle.

Thus, cases where they only cast it on a part of the building aren't rare.

Space

Not all of Wolic Castle has it casted on it, so there are places inside that you can transfer too.

Well in the first place, that transfer sealing magic doesn't work against the evil gods' superior transfer techniques, so I can transfer anywhere though.

Space

I transferred in front of the castle, and walked to the castle gate.

When I told them by business, the gatekeepers easily let me pass.

Space

When I reached the meeting place, unknown soldiers told me to wait, and guided me.

The place I was guided to was the soldiers' training grounds.

In the middle, Jamie stood, covering her body with a cloak.

There was nobody else, and the situation was reserved.

Space

"Hey, what should we do?"

Space

That was the very first thing I said.

Space

"That would be a da.....no, special training right?"

Space

Jamie replied.

Space

"Up until now, I've been going to some city with just two people though?"

Space

In the first place, this is for my training.

The two of us spend time together in a different situation.

Within it, there might be an extreme play or not.

Space

"Yeah, I thought that wouldn't suit me. That's why, after all it should be this."

Space

Jamie readied her ax, Ragnarok.

Space

“Come to think of it, we did fight once a while ago.”

“When you fight women, your body cramps up and you can’t move right?”

“That’s an old story. Now’s different.”

“Seems like it. But how about this!?”

Space

Jamie said that, but she didn’t try to move.

I tilted my head.

Space

“No but, no matter what this is.....”

Space

Jamie was muttering in a small voice.

Space

“Eei! I’ll do it!”

Space

She hesitated for a while, but after resolving herself, Jamie *bashu!* threw her cloak away.

Naturally, she was wearing armor under that.

Space

“mnくあそrrえあ(Translation: What’s that?)”

Space

My mind was completely disturbed.

Space

“You’re opennn!”

Space

Jamie came to attack me, and swung Ragnarok.

Space

“Guaaaaaaaa!”

Space

My body was torn apart, and my fresh blood fluttered.

Space

“Crapp. Did I do too much? I heard it's okay since you're really sturdy though.”

Space

No, there aren't any problems and I'm fine though.

The problem was somewhere else.

Space

“なあdろそのウおーzわy ! (Translation: What's with that strange armor!?)”

Space

I got up, and asked.

Jamie was wearing armor with so high of a degree of exposure that it couldn't be compared to her normal armor.

Or rather, this only covers the same parts as a bikini type swimsuit.

Space

“I don't understand what you're saying, but you're asking about this armor right?”

Space

I nodded to Jamie.

Space

“It's special protective gear, bikini armor.”

Space

Jamie had an attitude which you couldn't tell whether she was proud or embarrassed.

Space

—Bikini armor.

Space

Armor with an excessively high degree of exposure.

However as armor, it has almost no function.

It hardly protects anything.

In a game, [Bikini Armor: Defensive Power 60] or something would be written.

In that situation, there wouldn't be any need to worry about this inscribing.

Space

However, reality is different.

In the first place, there isn't any defensive power in the uncovered areas.

On the other hand, an armor that covers your entire body would be heavy.

Thus, how much of their body they cover up is up to each person.

Space

Still, there aren't any idiots who would expose themselves this much.

Therefore, normally this would be unable to be sold, and you wouldn't be able to get your hands on it without custom ordering it.

Space

"This is the easiest to move in. This isn't too bad."

Space

Jamie was nodding by herself, but then shouldn't she just stop wearing metal armor and just wear normal clothes?

In this world, people are protected by their respective kis.

Jinki

Ninki, maki, and jaki are some examples.

These have a heavy influence on defensive power.

Space

That is reinforced through the effects of skills, barriers, magic, and special items.

Thus, the importance of an armor's physical hardness isn't very high.

Of course, there's no doubt that having high hardness is better.

For shielders who easily receive enemy attacks, metal armor is security.

Space

"We're going one more time!"

"Geeeeaaaa!"

Space

My spirit was disturbed, and my barrier didn't activate.

I'm not letting any jaki out either.

Therefore, if I'm slashed at by Ragnarok, I'll receive considerable damage.

Since my vitality is in a different league I won't die, and I'll immediately regenerate though.

Space

"Sei."

Space

I evade Jamie's pursuit.

Space

"Oro?"

Space

Jamie raised a hysterical voice.

She must not have that I'd dodge.

Space

"Fuu."

Space

Calm down. I've seen her swimsuit before.

There's no need for me to get disturbed just from this degree.

Space

"You've gotten used to even this.....?"

"Yeah."

"After all, if I wear something like this, the effect is light."

Space

Somehow, she suddenly felt down.

Space

"No, it was effective at first."

"But you got over it right away."

"That's where you should praise my growth."

"No, but still....."

Space

Somehow she started hesitating.

It can't be helped.

Space

"Jamie, you have a wonderful figure."

"Hoe!?" (TLN: Pronounced 'ho-eh'. She's not just saying hoe.)

Space

Not used to being praised, Jamie's face glowed bright red.

She's large and muscular, but she properly has the roundness of a woman.

Her chest and butt are big, and her face is organized well.

Space

"Jamie, I think you're attractive enough."

Space

To my words, Jamie opened and closed her mouth many times, and words didn't come out.

Space

"You're opennn!"

Space

I grabbed Jamie and threw her away.

Additionally, I took her weapon away.

Without this weapon, there's no way I can lose.

Space

"Owowow."

"As I thought, you can't be without it."

"T,to think I'd fall for a trick like that. What have I done?"

"No, there weren't any lies in what I said."

"Niaaaaa!"

Space

Jamie's face turned red again, and she panicked.

This is fun in its own way.

Space

"What are you doing.....?"

Space

A woman who was quietly watching from the distance muttered.

If I were a human, there'd be no way I'd hear that, but my Evil Ears didn't let it pass.

It was Fiona Spencer, the hero.

Jamie's actions were probably a suggestion from Fiona.

Space

Well, she's a senior from the academy, and Jamie seemed to respect her too.

It might have been natural to Jamie that she choose to go to Fiona for consultation.

However, that person doesn't seem to be abundant with romantic experience either, plus she's crazy.

Jamie obviously chose the wrong person to go to.

Space

I teased Jamie for a while.

I'm not sure whether it became training or not.

But, there was no mistaking that I enjoyed it.

107. History of the Demonic Calamities

Around AS calendar year 200: The 2nd demonic calamity broke out.

Around AS calendar year 350: The 3rd demonic calamity broke out.

AS calendar year 519: The 4th demonic calamity broke out.

AS calendar year 615: Humanity's counterattack commenced.

AS calendar year 618: The subjugation of the Maou Gremork.

AS calendar year 762: The 5th demonic calamity broke out.

AS calendar year 955: The 6th demonic calamity broke out.

These are records regarding the demonic calamities.

There are only a few records remaining from over 500 years ago, there are many cases where we don't know the exact dates.

Also, there are some which are just vague oral traditions.

There are some which are said to be written down by the following generations.

If we doubted these, there wouldn't be any end.

We're speculating that these are probably the truth based on their chronology.

"Do you have any questions so far?"

Today is history class.

The one in charge, Albright-sensei asked.

"The 1st demonic calamity isn't there though?"

Jamie raised her hand and spoke.

Albright-sensei smiled bitterly to Jamie, who spoke before she was called on.

"There aren't any records. But in the existing records, we know most of what happened in the demonic calamity that happened in AS calendar year 200, or

the 2nd demonic calamity. Thus, it must have happened before then, but there are no remaining records or traditions about it.”

Things recorded in history—history that has been recorded and written down with words.

They've been made for about 1000 years in this world.

There are no earlier records.

However, this definition is dubious.

In this world, there was unmistakably an ancient empire.

A civilization that had far more developed magical science technology.

The Ancient Ulugu Empire.

It's impossible for that empire to not have had characters.

It's just that we've never found any.

Well then, I wonder if that era doesn't fit into those recorded in history.

If we find their characters, it might be that we just have to add them though.

Even in my former world, the years we'd learn in history class would change after a while.

That historical person never existed, they were just made up!

After all, they existed.

Such skit comedy-like things like that happened too.

While listening to his explanation, I absentmindedly thought about such things.

Meanwhile, Albright-sensei's explanation continued.

There are almost no records from before 1000 years ago, and humanity's range of activities weren't very large.

At first, humanity lived in the mountains to the east.

“Why did they live in the mountains? The mountains are more inconvenient than the plains right?”

Tiraiza asked what she thought was suspicious.

In my previous world, civilizations appeared near large rivers.

It seems natural that on the plains by the river is the most suitable.

“The river would be convenient for everything. If they lived there, then humanity may have developed faster, but there are demons in this world.”

Albright-sensei thoroughly explained.

“That time’s construction techniques were still not very good. It was easier to fight the enemy in the mountains rather than by the rivers.”

Of course, there are many demons who can fly through the sky.

However, rather than meeting the enemy in the plains, taking advantage of the mountains and meeting them in fortress is unmistakably better.

Even if they emerge from the plains, they can run away from the Maou into the mountains.

Humanity lived like that during the early years of the AS calendar.

With the progress of various technologies humanity’s population increased, and just living in the mountains became too cramped.

As if driven out from the plains, the people who lived in the plains increased.

As their castle construction and combat techniques improved and they became capable of defeating an average Maou in the plains, humanity surged into the plains.

That was a period of development for humanity.

“Now, the majority of people live in Briton, Island, and Scottyard, which have a lot of plains. There are some plains in the south, but since we know that the Maou appears there, few people live there.”

As if he remembered something, Albright-sensei stood still.

“That reminds me, recently an interesting paper was published. Apparently it’s an investigation into the Maou’s strength.”

Those words seemed to be more like he was speaking to himself.

It's slightly off from the class' contents.

"Is it the one where the next Maou becomes stronger if you defeat it too quickly?"

Yufilia asked.

"Yeah. That's very interesting. Certainly, that might be possible as a trend. Of course, there isn't enough data so we can't say anything though."

There's only a handful of people who study history in this world.

Collecting records and data isn't something simple.

Well, they're properly written down in my diary though.

"If that ends up being right, then it'd be another something I'm guilty of then....."

Yufilia made an uneasy expression.

That's because it was Yufilia's party that defeated the previous Maou Marcok.

"The fact that the previous Maou was pretty weak spread around at an early stage. There wasn't an end to the ones who wanted to defeat it in pursuit of honor. Yufilia-kun, even if you didn't defeat it, some other hero would have."

Since the Maou was weak, humanity's pace was disordered.

Despite the Maou being weak, as a result not just a little damage occurred.

It was an ironic result.

As the damage increased, the major powers moved, and instantly defeated the Maou.

In the end, the one that ended up a step ahead was the Briton Kingdom.

For Briton, the fame of Maou-killing was something they wanted by all means.

The hero who defeated the Maou 3 years ago was also a soldier from Briton, and that formed the base of Briton's dignity.

"That's why you guys shouldn't worry about it. If possible, I want to meet that professor and listen to his story though."

At the end adding his thoughts, Albright-sensei concluded the lesson.

His hopes probably won't come true.

I thought that in my heart.

108. George III's Trump Card

Scottyard's capital city, Graggo.

King George II, who was in the royal palace, received a report.

The hero Edgar is with him as well, but he basically never speaks.

He was present to guard him.

"Damn Nicholas. On top of moving at his convenience, there's this mess too?"

George III placed the report on the table.

"But, it's something we're thankful for as a sample."

There was no willpower in the prince's, Vincent's voice.

He's still being influenced by last time.

"That's right. At any rate, we still don't know much."

The sentence that was added onto the great charter, the Magna Carta.

[There are many mysteries in the world. We should be prudent about clarifying them. When looking into the abyss, the abyss looks back at you.]

That was a sentence that the people who didn't know of the circumstances couldn't understand.

However, even George III who knew of the circumstances was still unable to grasp it.

"It seems like Nicholas-dono didn't receive any damage. Neither did his surroundings."

Vincent seemed to find that mysterious.

Last time they received severe retribution.

This time there was an impression that they were considerably easy-going.

"We don't know what'll pull on their strings after all. Although, we were told that we could attack the people themselves at any time though."

"They must be searching for opponents to kill time with. Doing that, and losing war potential is foolish."

Vincent nodded.

"There's one more matter here."

The document that George III showed was the [Hamilton Fortress Reconstruction Plan].

"This is them screwing around. Even though they destroyed it, too rebuild it and such."

"It's fine if you think about it as a substitute for compensation. We originally intended to get some kind of compensation."

However, that plan ended due to some unexpected interference.

At the Anti-Demon Conference, he was blamed by none other than King Alastar, the old king of a weak small nation.

Then, the conference's situation was decided.

When he remembered that time, George III's stomach boiled with rage.

As revenge he stopped sending them funds, but that didn't show much effect.

There are many citizens in Isthamb who think that leading a simple life is good.

To those people, Scottyard's techniques didn't work.

He thought that he'd eventually show them, but it didn't seem like an opportunity for that would come for a while.

"There might be traps too."

"There's no point to setting traps."

George III flatly denied Vincent's opinion.

Currently, there's no merit for them to do that.

With their power, they wouldn't need any plans to do something about Scottyard.

Thus, even if he was asked what they stand for, George III couldn't even imagine it.

"Then will you permit them?"

"There isn't any reason for me to refuse them if they're going to make it for free."

"That's true, but....."

Right then, the door suddenly opened vigorously.

Even in the wide Scottyard, there was only one person who could open the king's office without even knocking.

Without even having to look at the door, the two of them grimaced.

"George. What does this mean!?"

It was George III's older sister, Elizabeth.

She should still be in her 40s, but she looked 10 years older.

Her body was fat just like her son's, and she had a strong smell of perfume.

She was married to an influential noble in Scottyard, Duke Gream.

Of course, the head of the Gream family is no longer in this world.

Probably, Elizabeth sucked the life out of him.

George III thought so.

"Pl,please calm down, my aunt."

Vincent soothed Elizabeth.

"Can I calm down with this!? You're fine, Vincent, because your competitor messed up."

Vincent smiled bitterly.

To tell the truth, Nicholas hadn't messed up as badly as she spoke of.

Tentatively, he did increase the Angas Faith's followers after all.

If anything, this would become a funny story about how on top of wagering his feelings on the other party, he was easily turned down.

Of course, Scottyard knew was but a handful of this story.

If it was made widely known, the person in front of their eyes would be

annoying.

That's why, Vincent and the others weren't trying to propagate it.

"So, what's your business, my aunt?"

On the surface, George III had a calm attitude.

"I wonder if you can give me an explanation about this time? Something obviously not possible within the realms of common sense happened right?"

That would be about what Ashtal did.

George III roughly sensed that was her objective.

When he gave that explanation, Elizabeth's face dyed red.

"You were hiding such important information away from me!?"

"Their demand was to not needlessly spread information about them. I just didn't answer you since you never asked."

George III spoke curtly.

He thought he wanted her to hurry up and go home.

"I thought that you were doing a large scale investigation on the aforementioned ruins."

"What?"

George III was surprised to hear something he didn't expect.

"It's impossible for you to use that many people and I not hear about it. I hear that you've been secretly meeting some suspicious person in black clothes."

"My aunt, what are you speaking of?"

"Ara ara, I wonder if you haven't told Vincent yet?"

Elizabeth smiled, but Vincent was only able to feel repulsed.

"The ancient super civilization, the Ancient Ulugu Empire. They probably got their hands on the power of that age. With the Ulugu Empire's power, blowing away Hamilton Fortress would be no trouble."

They failed in an experiment to use that power, and one fortress was

disappeared.

Elizabeth thought so.

However, if it was the work of an unknown person, then that's a different case.

In any case, it'd be fine to destroy those people with the power of the Ulugu Empire.

"With that power, we can annihilate those people right? I want you to hurry up and do it."

"My aunt, I apologize but the excavation work is still only partway done."

"Is that true? You lie to me calmly after all."

"A few lies are needed in order to become king."

George III told that honestly.

It turned into him listening to her scoldings for a while.

Whether she was satisfied with that, Elizabeth went home in a good mood.

"Whew. What was that about?"

When Elizabeth had left, George stroked his heart."

"It was about the matter of the ancient ruins."

Vincent spoke with a strong tone.

As expected, he couldn't help but become curious after hearing that explanation.

"Indeed, my aunt can't read the mood."

George III scratched his head.

It might be a little early to tell him about this matter, but in a certain sense it was a good opportunity.

George III spoke about the plan that he was advancing secretly in the background.

"You know that guy I introduced to you the other day?"

"The one called Neville?"

The strange man who covered his whole body in a black cloak.

No, it seemed like he wasn't a human in the first place.

"That man came into contact with this country some years ago, and said he found some ruins of the ancient empire."

"What kinds of ruins are they?"

"It's be faster if you just saw them."

George III looked to Edgar.

Edgar silently grabbed George III and Vincents' hands.

"More to the east of here, in the Northtowie Archipelago. That's our destination."

The Northtowie Archipelago. An archipelago far away from the continent of Britoria.

The 3 of them transferred to that archipelago.

109. Northtowie Archipelago

The Northtowie Archipelago.

An archipelago farther east than the continent of Britoria.

Although, there are stories of the world being round and that you could reach it by going west as well.

In a world with only one continent, sailing technology wouldn't develop very much.

Therefore, it's life-threatening to go to the Northtowie Archipelago.

The voyage would take several weeks even going smoothly, and there were monsters in the sea.

If the ship is destroyed, death awaits.

Even if you're luckily not attacked by monsters, there are various problems with cruising in the sea.

First off, the sea has the flow of the tide, and it's impossible to proceed straight forward.

360° around is sea, and you stop knowing where you are.

In order to solve this, knowledge of compasses and astronomy is needed.

But of course, that is undeveloped in this world.

So how did they go there?

By magic.

In this world there was a magic called compass, and it was able to check for the right direction.

Also, a magic that lets you know the position of an item called location exists.

Thus, even you recklessly rushed to the ocean, it was possible to return home.

The curiosity to aim for the ocean did exist.

According to information from those who miraculously arrived there, it was established that you'd reach an archipelago if you go to the east of the continent.

In that archipelago—named Northtowie—without anything to gain, there were only a few people living primitive lives.

Therefore, without bothering to trade with them, nobody got worked up over the fact that new land was found.

It was a savage land that didn't belong to any country.

“And in such an archipelago, you’re saying that there are ruins of the Ancient Ulugu Empire?”

Vincent questioned sharply.

On the other hand, Edgar was breathing heavily.

Transferring to a distant place.

On top of that, bringing two people along, he was very exhausted.

“Of course, the first people to come to this archipelago, and the people who came here after looked all over it. However they weren’t able to find anything.”

While waiting for Edgar to compose himself, he explained to Vincent.

“The one who found something was Neville. Then he came and asked for help from Scottyard.”

He needed people to help him with the excavation, but even just sending people to a remote island wasn’t easy.

In addition to that, to make sure they could live, they needed to develop the nearest island.

Like that the early operations went well, and currently they were smoothly examining the ruins.

Their transfer destination was the developed village.

By the time George finished explaining, people came in a hurry.

They noticed George III.

As it was, George III was guided by the people of the developed village.

“Is there something about this coast?”

“These are ruins that nobody else found. There’s no way they’d be anywhere normal. The ruins are at the bottom of the ocean.”

“I see.”

Both George III and Vincent received a certain amount of battle training.

Naturally, they were able to use magic that made it possible to breathe underwater.

It was Water Breathing.

When they used the magic and proceeded along the bottom of the sea for a while, they found a hole.

Going through the hole, they found a dead end, and there was a door.

George III held out his hands, and the door opened.

"To think that the ruins of the ancient empire in such a place.....there might be others too."

The ruins kept the water away, and inside them there was air.

That was probably due to magic or magic science.

"That's possible, but as expected, searching the ocean's floor around the world isn't possible."

George III swung his head to the side.

The only one that could do a large-scale investigation of this place was Scottyard.

Their national strength was just that different from the other countries.

That's why Neville asked for help from Scottyard.

George III thought so.

"Oya. Great job to have come all the way to a place like this."

When they entered, Neville was there, and called out to them.

As usual his entire body was covered with black clothes, and he didn't show any skin at all.

How should he treat this unknown person from now on?

It might be about the time to come to a decision.
George III thought so.

"I was thinking that it was about time to show this to Vincent."

Without showing his inner thoughts, George III rose his hand and answered.

Like that, everyone headed to the back.

"So, what are you saying is here?"

Vincent grew impatient.

"Are you aware of how many of the Ancient Ulugu Empire's are active and working?"

Neville asked.

"I've heard there was one."

There was only a handful of people who knew about even just that.

It was the Crystal Tower.

Of course, even if they knew about it most people didn't enter it because it was a dangerous facility.

"Yeah. And this would be the second one."

"What? Isn't this dangerous?"

Vincent put himself on guard.

He knew that Crystal Tower had a terrifying defense mechanism.

In front of them, a big door came into sight.

As they approached, it opened automatically.

"Hii!"

Vincent was frightened.

Inside there was a tremendous amount of armor species.

The soldiers of the ancient empire.

They were soldiers much stronger than humans.

"Calm down. These aren't moving."

"Is, is that right?"

Vincent hurriedly pretended like nothing was off.

"So, since these don't move they're trash, right?"

"The armor species in Crystal Tower have already been inputted with orders,

and indiscriminately attack anyone who enter.”

Neville looked at Vincent.

Since he was wearing a mask, Vincent couldn’t see his expression.

Thinking he was being mocked, Vincent clicked his tongue.

“That seems to be the case.”

“These are in a state where they haven’t been input with any orders.”

To those words, Vincent held his breath.

“Are we able to order them?”

“We’ve succeeded with that in a number of experiments.”

“What!?”

Vincent opened his eyes and was surprised.

“Yo,you can control the machine soldiers of this facility at will?”

“We’re still halfway through the process, but I believe we’ll be able to eventually.”

“The military strength of the Ancient Ulugu Empire.....with this, I can beat them!”

Vincent was ecstatic.

He didn't know what Ashtal was, but he wouldn't be able to match the power of the Ancient Ulugu Empire.

He thought so.

"Don't get ahead of yourself."

George III smiled bitterly.

"There are still many things we have to do, but there's one thing I want you to do for me first."

"What is it?"

"These armor species can be made to listen to what a designated person says, but even if it were temporarily, I can't give this much power to anyone other than Scottyard royalty."

Vincent presumed George III's intentions.

"In other words, the lord of these machines has to be royalty?"

Regardless if it were just a few of them, from now on they'd order several hundred, several thousand armor species.

They couldn't give that to other people.

“In that case I’ll stay here, and lead the experiments.”

“Would you do that?”

“Yes, I’d be glad to.”

It would be painful for Vincent to stay in such a remote place for a while.

However, thinking that he could get revenge on Ashtal and the others, he didn’t mind it much.

“The power of the Ancient Ulugu Empire.....if it’s with this power.....”

Vincent’s eyes were burning with an ominous light.

Although George III felt a tinge of uneasiness, he returned to the royal capital Graggo by the next day.

As a king, there were things he had to do on a daily basis.

110. School festival ①

On the day of the school festival
My schedule is fully booked.
And that's just perfect.

The class decided to go with a coffee shop.

Maid Cafe?

Maids can be hired normally, and in a world where such people are common,
such things cannot be popular.

That is why I thought a change should be done.

It is a princess cafe.

Miraculously there is one princess enrolled.

Yufilia will only serve the customers for a short time but it will be a big
attraction.

Such opinion came out and it was approved,

It is not easy to prepare clothes a princess would wear.

Oh well... an imitation will be used for the ambiance.

The girls will serve the customers and the boys will prepare the food.

That is the basics of the school festival.

If there is a princess then there should be a prince too, right?

There is such an opinion too.

But there was no one appropriate to be a prince in the class.

In terms of appearance.

By the way there is a big shot prince in class, but he didn't come.

It is a mystery where he is.

It is the same regardless.

The prince's reputation is bad anyway.

But I digress.

After I'm done preparing in the morning I will be free.

Then I can look around the school festival with four people
The easiest mission yet.

The classroom interior is changed into a coffee shop.
It is the result of working late yesterday.

When I enter the classroom, I get a strange feeling.
There was a dull atmosphere.
It's supposed to be a fun school festival.

"Ah, I want to go back"

As soon as a classmate sees me, I utter so.
Everyone is staring at me like a savior or something.

"What's going on?"

I look suspiciously.

"Did you eat breakfast?"

The approaching Tiraiza ask.
She wore a princess dress.
It's an easy to move in dress with her figure in mind so Tiraiza wears it without hesitation.

"We also double as tasters so I skipped breakfast. I have not eaten."

Nevertheless, an evil god can survive without eating a single meal.
Even if I don't eat or drink for a while its ok.

"Really?"

Tiraiza gave an evil smirk.

"Good, can you sample some food?"

Iris tells me.
With a deadpan expression and a voice without emotion.

Looking at the kitchen, Yufilia was cooking.
The classmate with high culinary skill is supposed to be in charge.

"Ethan will be in charge of serving food to the customers, I will also check the appliances and ingredients, so I will not ask him to cook everyone's breakfast."

“I see.”

Ethan is a cook.

Ethan looked at Yufilia’s cooking and it looks like it’s killing him.

In the meantime, cooking seemed to be done and Yufilia is serving the food on a plate.

The classroom becomes noisy.

Yufilia’s coming towards me.

“Here you go, dig in.”

She gave a smile that if 100 men sees it 99 of them will look back and reminisce.

However, the boys in the classroom are trembling with fear.

If you look closely, some people were lying in the corner of the classroom.

“Hey, hold on to your life and don’t die.”

“Uumm, to eat Yufilia’s home cooking I have no regrets.”

If this makes me leave the kitchen I’m a useless guy.

The classmates who fell in the corner of the classroom would sometimes flinch like a fish on land for the first time.

Is that what’s going to happen?

“A princess of a large country can’t be a good cook, can she? I believe that’s common sense.”

Tiraiza mutters.

She avoids looking me in the eyes.

“We trained to be adventurers, used in life or death battles, we didn’t have time to cook.”

As soon Iris says that she takes some distance away from me.

Though it is not necessary to be good at cooking.

There should be a limit on how bad you could be.

“Hehehe, this time I’m confident. Yufilia’s Special Pancakes!”

Yufilia offers the dish to me.

A dark black aura is coming out from the food.

Various ingredients are decorated on the pancake like object.

I cannot say anything.

At this distance the foul smell is unbearable.

It stinks really bad.

If it's only pancakes it shouldn't be this bad.

It became this ridiculous because of the extra decorations.

Why does a beginner ignore the recipe and move on to making a new creation.

"By the way, where is Jamie?"

"Yufilia took her down."

Tiraiza answered.

She points to one of the fallen classmates foaming at the mouth

There is no hope of recovery.

It seems that her school festival has already ended.

"Jamie was the first victim. It is the result of eating innocently while hungry."

The situation at that time easily appears in my mind.

I pray for Jamie's soul.

"Is this poisonous or something?"

"Even if it's poisonous, we'll cure it."

According to Tiraiza, Iris will cast cure magic.

Everyone is looking at me.

Like seeing God or something.

Yufilia is waiting for me to eat with an innocent smile.

There seems to be no other choice but to eat this.

Well poison is not effective to an evil god.

Even if it is a poison that can kill a dragon instantly, it's still ineffective.

Therefore it is impossible to get damaged by eating.

I take the pancake dish and take a mouthful.

Oh, this taste.

There is no sweetness.

Not sweet.

Rather its bitter.

And very fishy.

It's not that bad that it is unpleasant.

This terrible.

"Uuu....."

I gave a groan.

"Uh?"

Yufilia looks at me.

"Is it good..."

I mustered all my willpower and reply.

"It is good"

Yufilia smiles ear to ear.

While my classmates are clapping and nodding while crying.

We cannot increase the number of the victims.

I ate everything dutifully.

"Hey, I will go to the bathroom for a minute"

I said so and started running.

"Okay, yeah yeah."

I rush to the bathroom and I was vomiting.

An evil god cannot be poisoned.

However, the taste.

It is a taste surpassing human understanding.

There is no damage to the body but my spirit suffered a great damage.

I sat down on the chair that was near, I'm feeling exhausted, I won't be leaving for a while.

111. School festival ②

Phew. I'm burned out.

I sat down on a chair with a pained expression.

The school festival has already started and it is getting noisy.

But I do not have the energy to move around.

"Ashtal-sama?"

The Adventurer Guild receptionist Auretta said in a surprised voice.

She is not wearing her usual clothes instead she is wearing a lady's shirt and denim jeans.

And a cardigan.

I nodded helplessly at Auretta.

"I'm kind of burned out... Even though the school festival has just started"

Their hero Fiona is next to Auretta.

They are good friends.

"Well this and that happened"

I said in a weary voice.

"Even if you rest in a place like this, how about resting in a different place?"

Fiona frowned on Auretta's suggestion.

"This is my room but..."

Fiona works as a part-time lecturer at Cantabridge Academy.

A private room was given to her even though she was only a part time-time lecturer.

Being a hero affords her this kind of treatment.

My hand was led by Auretta.

There is a sofa in the room where I can lie down.

"I'm curious as to what kind of monster can inflict this much damage."

It's a terrible thing to say, but I have no energy to argue with Fiona.

The physical damage is 0.

"Even if I tell you it will be impossible to believe."

I gave an introduction, it's not like I want to hide it.

They seemed to be interested so I told the whole story.

"I heard about it before ..."

"Somewhat."

I tsukkomi.

"It seems that on his Majesty the King's birthday he was given homemade dishes and he fell ill."

"Amen."*

I guess he had no choice but to eat the dishes his beloved daughter made.

In other words, they used me to stop her cooking and decrease the number of victims.

Such a law was enacted. **

"If that's the case, why don't you eat a snack?"

Auretta took out the bento from the bag.

"Why bring a bento to a school festival with a store and a cafe?"

"Just in case something like this might happen"

"Because Auretta cooks for herself'."

However, I just had breakfast a little while ago.

So I thought, but when I looked at the clock its almost noon.

"Huh, noon already?"

"That's right. How long have you been sitting over there? "

Fiona asked but I could not remember at all.

“I don’t know. It’s horrible.”

My body trembled.

Auretta’s bento is fairly common an omelet sandwich and hotdog octopus.

I nodded when I saw it.

This is good.

Because it’s not from a professional (tl: pro in a bad way) there is no unusual decorations.

It is like putting the cart first before the horse.

“Delicious...”

I’m tasting a delicious home cooked meal.

My spirit is being healed.

“Why are you crying for?”

Fiona is Shocked.

“If it’s alright with you I can make this every day.”

Auretta nervously says, but I shake my head in disapproval.

“No, going that far feels awkward.”

When I recover, I will calm down.

My schedule today should be pretty busy.

So far, my schedule has been ignored.

Jamie cannot recover today, but there are 3 other people.

“I wonder what happened to the class.”

When I murmured this, Fiona asked a school staff to investigate for me.

We were waiting for a while when the person with the report knocks on the door.

“Come in.”

With Fiona's permission, a man wearing work clothes enters.

It is Jeko.

"Why are you..."

Fiona becomes suspicious.

Jeko is the school janitor.

The staff that Fiona asked is Jeko and that Jeko came back.

Jeko sees us and stands firm.

To be accurate, because Fiona is here I don't know how to handle this.

"Fiona knows most of the general circumstances you can do it normally."

When I say this Jeko kneels like a tight bond was released.

"The class is in great chaos"

"Did something happen?"

"It was successful in the beginning, and I was confused in a different way."

"Was the princess cafe a great success?"

"Well if it's those girls there will be lots of men"

Fiona speaks naturally.

"It was that kind of situation, but certain customers started saying, 'The princess's homemade cooking we can't refuse.'"

"Hey, stop. Do you want to die?"

My advice was too late.

This report also talks about the past.

"It's already too late."

Fiona gave up in despair.

"I don't understand what's happening but they are using a nearby classroom as a temporary infirmary. The patients seem to be carried one after another."

Jeko answers while tilting his head in confusion.

I don't know what's going on.

It's ok to try someone's cooking to understand, but this is just unreasonable punishment.

"Absolutely don't get involved in the disturbance in the classroom

"Yes, of course."

Auretta nods.

"Are you going to stay here and rest?"

"No, this is my room although..."

I pass the complaining Fiona.

Iris will be busy giving treatment.

Did Tiraiza help with the treatment or did she escape when there was an opening?

If the trouble has calmed down a bit I'll show my face.

Just as I thought, there is no sign of our troubles settling down.

112. School Festival ③

I am relaxing in the sofa.

Today was a good day.

“Aren’t you going to look around the school festival?”

Auretta couldn’t stand it any longer and spoke up.

“Hmm, it’s embarrassing to go back after failing once.”

By being late in an actual party you get isolated and find it hard to fit in.
It could go well but if not you could be standing in a corner playing with your smartphone.

Thinking “can’t this end any faster?”

You could argue that by that logic it would be better to return quickly, but this time there’s also some tidying up that needs to be done.

Jeko has left to do his work.

That guy has a lot to do.

I’m not good at interacting with women, but their personality is so different.
I do not understand at all.

“No, this is my room but...”

Fiona whispers a complaint.

It seems she is not happy I’m here.

Even if I say so I won’t leave.

“It’s surprisingly comfortable here.”

“Don’t be afraid to ask.”

“It seems to be standard that no one visits this room.”

“It’s not my impression of the room, isn’t it!?”

Fiona is being noisy one way or another.

“You should visit other places”

“I’m not in the mood to do that.”

Fiona is the type that becomes cheerful in a festival.

The atmosphere in this room is not festive at all.

While having such talk, someone knocks at the door.

“Come in.”

Fiona answered while tilting her neck.

It seems an usual person is entering the room.

The door opens and two people go in.

It's the Cantabridge Academy director Serena.

The second is the old man, Julius.

A soon as the director came in, Fiona stood up.

“Serena-sama, If you have business you did not have to come here.”

The relationship should originally be one between director and lecturer.

It should be more than that.

In this case Fiona defeated the demon lord recently and Serena defeated demon lord even among demon lords.

“No, I heard Ashtal-sama is here.”

Serena smiles.

“Ashtal....sama?”

Fiona's face twitched for a moment.

Is there some thing wrong with me or do I feel a sense of rejection.

Well, I'm also uncomfortable being called by her like that.

“You don't have to call me that because I'm also a student.”

“A student should not be on that level”

Fiona mumbles with a scornful look.

“Then Ashtal, I will have tea and sweets here.”

The old man puts the sweets on the table.

I will prepare the tea.

“Here in my room.....”

Fiona mutters in a small voice.

The old man and me can heard it with our evil ears.

"Thank you very much for the other day."

Auretta bows her head to Serena.

It was for when she was taken to Hamilton fortress and got some treatment.

"Oh no, I was just Ashtal's helper."

In the peaceful atmosphere there was one person not satisfied.

It is Fiona.

"Well, why do hate me so much?"

"I don't mean it like that, It wasn't like you."

She is a bothersome woman.

"Fiona thinks about it to much."

"For humanity's sake we should consider this seriously."

Fiona says in a serious expression.

"It's pointless to think about it. It's beyond human hands."

"Is it really?"

"If their people are helping on a whim, we don't know what will happen next."

"Yes, therefore...."

"I will be the kind of woman that can help because you are here. It seems better to think that way."

"Hey."

Fiona turns her reddening face.

"Good grief, It seems she's still immature."

Serena merrily laughs.

Although she looks likes she's in her 20's her real age is very different.

The door is suddenly opened with a loud bang.

"Who is it this time?"

Fiona asks offhandedly.

Since the person did not knock it could not have been a decent person.

A small girl 140 cm. tall entered.
She has long silver hair with twin tails.
Her clothes are also childish.

Somehow I remember seeing this person somewhere before.
Who was it again?

“Ah, Are you lost?”

Fiona crouched and spoke to the girl.
She thinks it's a child that came to the school festival.

“Wa, no.”

The girl denied with full power.

“Uh, well... I will search for your mother for the time being.”
“Like I said that's wrong.”
“Fiona, that person is...”

Serena got up immediately to greet her.

“I'm sorry Sophia-sama.”
“Serena, it seems she lacks education.”

Sophia answers with a haughty attitude.

“It is because you rarely show your face and now most people don't know what you look like.”

The old man gave a bitter smile.
I remember hearing that name before.
It's quite a nostalgic person.
Since I was only watching using my evil eye one-sidedly, I did not know about the place.

“Well, then I should spread my portrait around the world. It's outrageous to forget Dragon Princess Sofia.”

A member of the seven heroes of the 4th demon calamity one of the seven stars.
Then again it should have been five stars.
The only survivor, the princess of the dragon tribe.

113. School Festival ④

The 4th Demon Calamity was 400-500 years ago.

So if it's a human being they cannot survive up to the present.

—The Dragon Tribe.

They are a tribe with overwhelming large size, high combat ability and long life span.

However they have a low fertility rate compared to the humans. They're original number was already low, but in the 4th demon calamity they got drastically lower.

At the moment they numbered at about a 100.

One of the survivors is Sofia the Princess of the Dragon Tribe. She had strong a desire for revenge against the 4th Demon Calamity's demons and fought alongside mankind.

After that she became one of the 7 heroes one of the so called 7 Stars.

The dragon tribe can also transform into a humanoid. Her appearance hasn't changed much. Therefore the child like appearance stayed. She is a so-called loli-baba.*

Fiona who knew about the 7 stars, she kneeled on one knee and bowed out of respect.

Serena, Auretta and the old man also lower their heads.

“So, why did you come to Rhodan?”

Serena asks.

Normally they are in the eastern mountains of the continent of Britoria and rarely contact humans.

Although small scaled they have established a country and everyone is helping and making a living.

They signed a non aggression treaty with the humans.

Because of their low numbers they were outside the provisions of the Magna Carta compelling them to fight the demons.

They are not obligated to fight with the demons every time.

But it is common that a young member of the dragon tribe will participate for the sake of training.

The humans deem this acceptable.

Though in hindsight if 7 Star Sofia helps every time it will become easy.

"I heard about it when I came here the other day. There is a festival."

"The other day?"

Fiona makes a strange face.

"It's about Fumeless."

"Oh, did you help at that time?"

"No, it was already over when I arrived. Because there is nothing to do I ate snacks at Serena's and didn't go home."

"Useless and bothersome."

"...Did you say anything?"

It seems my whisper wasn't heard.

But she seems to be convinced that I complained and glares at me.

"I heard about the festival at that time. I going to eat again and again."

The Dragon Tribe always had a huge appetite and gave priority to eating.

"What do you want?"

"I'm going to eat a lot of things, but cotton candy is the top priority."

"Still a kid after all."

"Who are you calling a kid!"

My tsukkomi was heard this time and she got angry like a child.

"Oh, please calm down."

Fiona intervenes in a fluster.

In the middle of the talk the old man transferred away and came back shortly with cotton candy.

It seem he heard her favorite food from the last conversation.

“Yes, by all means.”

“Oh, my. It’s easy to eat.

The child’s mood brightened up.

“Wa muhamu.”

Sofia eats cotton candy in high spirits.

“By the way, who defeated Fumeless?”

Sofia hates the demons from the 4th calamity.

Hearing about a survivor she probably wanted to defeat them no matter what.

“Me”

Fiona and others are surprised at my response.

“I thought it was probably you, but is a good thing to say so?”

“Now, To know me one of the 7 heroes and lie, get out.”

“You defeated Fumeless. That’s not an opponent a human can overcome. ...

What are you exactly?”

Sophia looks suspiciously.

Unfortunately I can’t answer that.

What would be a good excuse? How do I explain it?

As its becoming troublesome I give Fiona an explanation.

Fiona reluctantly answers.

“I see. Is it because of you that a mysterious sentence was added to the Magna Carta?”

“I believe that.”

Even though they live in a very secluded place they still seem to get information.

She was satisfied with that explanation, just continue eating your cotton candy.

“You might say it something I understand well because of the 4th demon calamity.”

“It’s about legendary weapons brought to the humans”

Fiona looks at the weapon Krau Solas.

“Do you know who created it?”

“N...No.”

“I thought you’d say that because even I don’t know about them. If you worry about the small details you wont live long.”

“Even if I don’t think about it I wont live as long a dragon....”

Fiona quips in a low voice.

“They were mysterious men, they looked human but they far from being human.”

“It was...”

Fiona seems to have noticed something and briefly looks at me.
I respond by putting my index finger over my mouth to keep it a secret.

“After defeating Demon Lord Gremork they suddenly disappered without saying anything. Their whereabouts afterwards is unknown. I’m sure they are not alive anymore.”

Sofia has a distant look.
They look slightly different from that time but they are alive.
I wonder if they want to see each other?

If those fellows wanted to see them they could probably meet.
Since they didn’t do it maybe they didn’t think about meeting.
If she stays in this town they could meet by chance.

“By the way it’s getting noisy outside.”

Somehow there is a commotion outside the room.
The school festival is about to end might as well go out.
Thinking that I left the room.

*loli-baba Looks like a loli but as old as a grandma

114. School Festival ⑤

The Commotion seems to be coming from my class.
There is a crowd of people but I easily pushed forward.

“What happened?”

I ask a sighing Tiraiza outside the class room.

“Oh, did you just revive?”

Tiraiza looks surprised.

Apparently they thought that my condition would be irrecoverable after downing that.

“If you could endure that you are a tough person.”

Iris is also impressed.

“No matter how you see it, you can only say it as you see it.”

Tiraiza point to the temporary relief room.

“It’s a hang-out for dying idiots.”

“Even if it’s a trap there are times when a man must still push through.”

Such words can be heard in the corridor.

Somehow it has closed because the ingredients have run out.

So they were disappointed.

“Its fine. but there is a special idiot so there is a commotion.”

“Special idiot?”

“A special doting parent, right?”

“Huh? The King is here.”

King of the Kingdom of Briton Richard II.

Needless to say, he is the father of Yufilia.

Peeking in the classroom, the King is calmly sitting.
He is surrounded by his royal guards.

If the King show up there will be a commotion.

“There are few opportunities to eat here.”

“I think this is unnecessary.”

“I would prefer if his Majesty eats at home.”

Iris replied in a fatigued voice.

She probably never thought that she needed to give treatment in the festival.

The King has already experienced the deadly cooking.

There is no need for him to go to all the way to the school festival.

You can eat at home, in the castle.

“So what have you been doing.”

“Detoxifying and organizing people, and evacuating the rest.”

It is a measure so no one eats it by chance.

A wise man will not come near danger.

In the classroom Yufilia was humming and cooking.

Ethan the original chef is assisting with dead eyes.

No, everyone in the classroom has a look like a dead man.

“Mou, Father to come to a place like this.”

Yufilia speaks cheerfully.

“Wahahaha, I came incognito to see how it is going. Hearing that Yufilia is cooking I can't just stay and stand there.”

I think that it is already abnormal at this stage for a king of a country to come incognito for their daughter's school festival.

Calling it incognito even though no disguise was done.

“It's good to cook sometimes.”

With Yufilia's words the guards started to huddle together.

“Everyone behave yourself, I can make enough for everyone.”

“Hii, a princess standing in the kitchen is not preferable.”

The Knight Commander Godelf who had come with the escort speaks in a fluster.

“Everybody says so and prevents me from standing in the kitchen, isn’t that right?”

Yufilia makes a strange face.

“If it is the work of a server, it is not the duty of the princess”

“But if you say that, an adventurer or a hero is also not the role of a princess.”

“Well, that is

Godelf is at a loss for words.

He can't say you have no talent.

“Ufufu, it's a joke.”

Yufilia sticks out her tongue.

“Now, This time I'm confident. Seafood soup pasta”

Yufilia presents his father with some hair-raising food.

“I had a chance to eat seafood pasta the other day so I wanted to make that.”

Maybe I have seen the same dish.

The food I ate at the shop in the capital city of the island Kingdom.

But on the plate in front of the King Briton, the dish was not the same as the one in my memory.

You can see something like a fish bone.

The color is also blue, but what does this?

The blue gradation is depriving me of my appetite.

Without a doubt it is giving the feeling it could kill.

“Oh, this looks good.”

Impossible words come from the mouth of King Richard II.

It doesn't seem to be acting.

All the escort soldiers are all looking away.

Richard II put the pasta in his mouth without hesitation.

“Mu oh oh.”

Richard II shouts.

And the pasta is scarfed down.

"I have no regrets in my life."

After saying that he fell, Godelf caught him.

"F-father what's wrong?"

Yufilia tries to speaks with her father, but he has already lost consciousness.
No matter how you look at it he is dying painfully.
His complexion is also pale.

Is this what's called parent?

I'm in awe of you.

I'm never going to do anything to imitate that.

"Oh, perhaps eating miss Yufla's dish satisfied his Majesty, and the usual fatigue just caught up."

Godelf described an impossible conjecture.

"Oh, yes.... in that case coming here was unnecessary."

That's true.

"His Majesty couldn't leave it alone, please excuse us."

Godelf lays King Richard II on a stretcher and leaves.

They escape from a dangerous battlefield.

"High Refresh"

Iris casually removes the poison.

Godelf bows to Iris.

By the way the pasta still remains.

"I need to move at once..."

Tiraiza firmly grasps my arm when I try to leave.

"Hey."

"You still have work to do. You will handle that."

"Why is that my job..."

"I knew you will say that goshujinsama."

A set up like that was reminded.

I have forgotten about it, it seems Tiraiza just remembered.

“Oh, Ashtal where have you been?”

Oh no!

Yufilia found me.

Tiraiza distance herself away from me.

She do not want to get involved.

“You promised to go around the school festival with everyone today.”

“Oh-ah, for a number of reason...”

My face twitched about.

“We became unexpectedly busy, will you eat all of this.”

Yufilia happily presents me the pasta.

“If you eat it, you will be excused from cleaning up duty.”

Although Tiraiza says such a thing, those things don’t balance at all.

There is no escape for me.

I handled all of the blue mystery pasta.

With this the school festival is safe? It is over.

Next year cooking in this class will be banned when we do the next event.

No, I forbid it.

Because of that I was in bed for a few of days.

115. The Food Situation of the Dark Temple

Hmm...

I don't want to do anything.

I don't want to work.

No, I didn't work originally.

Pancakes are scary.

I am also scared of pasta.

There was no damage to my body, but my spirit was cut down.

Naturally, as for the school festival next day, I am absent.

It seems to leave its traces for several days.

There was no choice for me but to lie in bed.

I get up and wander in the dark temple.

The Dark Temple.

A huge facility in the subspace.

There are many subspaces in this world.

The size of the subspace is various.

This subspace with the Dark Temple is large.

The light shines for some reason, and it becomes night too.

It is possible to make such a space temporarily by using magic though it is not understood even if it is questioned.

However ,it is a mystery how it persisted permanently.

We often do not understand the super technology of the Age of Mythology.

In order to come officially here, you need to go through the cave that appears only after the defeat of the demon king and go through the transition gate. Although it is called the transition gate, in fact it is not limited to that gate. The door, the exit at the cave, the top of the stairs, etc.

Funny how the transition gate have changed before and after that.

From noon to night, something like summer to midwinter also happens.

If you have come one you can teleport back but the transition is not normal. The transition between subspace requires advanced metastasis technique. It is impossible for human beings to use it at their present condition. They will not understand even if I taught it.

The weather in the dark temple is usually cloudy. Thunder also echoes pointlessly. Almost everyday. Like this, the dark and evil atmosphere is exuded.

Meanwhile, we also need to eat. I'm fine even if I don't eat for a while, and even if i eat a lot, doesn't gain weight. Just eating simply wasteful, we need to move and exercise.

Because the weather is bad near the Dark temple, there is a large-scale farm a little distance away. Crops are hard to grow if the weather is not good.

Rice and wheat, not to mention the cultivation of various vegetables. In addition, livestock are doing well. Plenty of food for 15000. Rather there is a lot of excess production.

I transition to the farm.

"Oh, Ashtal-sama,
welcome, I am very glad to see you."

The 15th chief Famure in charge of agriculture lowered his head. His appearance is a laid-back grandpa.

The evil god kin will get reborn when they age to a certain point. Famure may be about to be reborn again soon.

"Still a hard worker as ever"
"Food security is the basis of defense."

Famure slowly sits on the ground while saying that. His appearance is aged, but the numerical value of his status doesn't drop. Since he is a chief he is strong.

You shouldn't have to move slowly while saying such a line.
But when you've actually become an old man you will want to say it like that.
I don't know why I'm still that same.

"Defense..."

I was puzzled.
In the first place it is a facility where nobody comes.
What will we protect from what?

"For example, hundreds of thousands of enemies gather outside a cave, and it will be said that we will hold out a siege here"

"Hou hou."

I ask curiously.

"It is reckless to go outside.
We put traps and soldiers in the cave and start a guerrilla war.
During that time all you need is food.
That's why we need to make enough food to hold for a long time."
"Even so, I feel like we're making too much."
"Some are sold to humans publicly."

Recently I began to spend human money.
It's apparent that some replenishment is needed.

There is sufficient food to eat with what is left.
But now I have no appetite.

If you train a lot you will eat a lot.
In this area we are the same as humans.
Athletes eat can eat several times more than an average person.

"This is Eulius-sama's instructions."
"Ah...
the old man doesn't shut up about food."

To the old man that does everything perfectly he is very particular about food.

"I heard you went to a building called the Crystal Tower the other day."

“Yes.”

I give a short answer.

Ancient Urugu Empire — armor soldiers.

And the mysterious dragon tribe.

We named demon dragon species.

The reason is we have found signs and resemblance to the demons.

“There seem to be a lot to think about.

After that, I will re-check the reserves.”

“Hmm...”

I think for a bit.

What is that facility?

Suddenly the fact why does it exist and why armor soldiers come out.

Although it thousands of years old there is no way it just suddenly come about.

You would normally think so.

But I was only released from the 1000 year spell recently.

Sometimes there are days like this.

Well lets leave it to the old man.

I'll lie down here and sunbathe.

116. Ruins investigation

The investigation in the Northtowie Archipelago was progressing smoothly. Rather than an investigation it is more like learning to control the armor species.

Vincent sat down on what appears to be the remains of a control room. A bright and shining circlet is worn over his head.

“Wonderful, can you control this many soldiers with my will? ”

Vincent is delighted.

The screen projects the view from outside.
It is a device with the magic effect called site vision.

“Putting the circlet on and thinking will move the armor soldiers. However, there seems to be a distance limit. ”

Neville explains.

“How many soldiers are there?”

“Lets see... Hundreds of thousands have been found, but some have stopped working.”

“But I’m willing to share this power to others.”

Vincent looks quizzically.

“If we could monopolize it we would have done so.”

Neville answered honestly.

There was no need to hide it.

“It certainly wasn’t easy to find this ruin”

Scottyard’s financing and human resources helped the research to advance this much.

Vincent relied on Scottyard for this one reason.

"There are certainly reasons for that, it's time to solve it,"

But Neville shook his head.

"We have a fatal problem. Unfortunately wearing the circlet does not work for everyone.

Vincent knew that Neville had several colleagues.

They are all hiding like Neville.

"What is it?"

When Vincent asks, Neville shows a wry smile.

However because of the mask Vincent didn't know of this fact.

"I don't understand, the elucidation of the Magic Science of the Urugu Empire is difficult. All we can do is just use it. There are people who can use it and people who cannot use it"

"Hmmm..."

"Probably this is a kind of talent"

"After all I was chosen for this"

Vincent is the one who is satisfied.

"That's enough for us to keep our promise."

"You wanted to capture the crystal tower with this armor type"

Vincent recalls the conversation.

"Yes."

"It is certainly a mysterious facility for us, but to break into place excites me, I wonder why?

"I am interested in the truth of the world"

"The truth is it..."

Vincent ponders with his hands on his chin.

"Why did the civilization with the this much technology fall? Where they defeated? Aren't you interested?"

"If said like that it piques my interest. But I do not think it will be worth the effort."

Vincent spoke uninterestedly.

For Vincent there was more important things than that.

“With this power it will be possible”

“However are these armored species going to fight against against their own kind over there”

If there is a program done to control fighting between armored species it will be impossible to conquer.

The Urugu empire would have rebellion and conflict, if there is a rule that they will not fight between armored species, it will be a problem.”

Vincent felt that Neville’s explanation seemed as if he had personally experienced it.

“Well fine, but after defeating them, Can we win with the current forces?”

“I cannot answer anything more than that without not knowing the enemy’s strength.”

“Humph.....”

Vincent snorts.

Failure isn’t permitted in this game.

He will be more cautious than usual.

Vincent was manipulating the armored species while having a conversation. He was moving the type that can fly in the sky and over the sea.

“Like this?”

Vincent gives an order to return .

When storing them was finished an order to cease was issued.

Beside Vincent there was an escort armor type, but its function also ceased. The light indicating operation disappeared.

“It shutdown, it’s inconvenient we can’t separate that order.”

Vincent scratches his head.

Well no one intends to hurt him in this facility.

There will be no problem even if he is left unattended here.

When such thought was considered, armor escort restarted suddenly.

"What? I have not issued any orders"

Vincent is wary.

He thought that it was going to attack him suddenly.

But the it began to attack Neville.

Neville grabs the armor's head like it is nothing and grasps as if to crush it.

"I seem to be disliked by this machine. This happens once in a while."

Neville said in a quiet tone.

As if it isn't a particularly big thing.

"When you don't tell me these things early it will bring trouble. Do you mean that there are many defective armors?"

"There no other incidents of attack other than myself, Vincent is safe. "

So why was he attacked?

Vincent was anxious, but hesitates in asking that question.

In the meantime, Neville left the room as soon as the talk ended.

Contrary to what he said Vincent clicks his tongue in disrespect of what was said.

117. Engagement

The King of Briton Richard II lied in bed for about a week.
The cause was not made public by any circumstances.

There was a story of a young lady trying to cook for the bedridden king but she never had the opportunity to enter the kitchen.
Enduring the surrounding hardships.
Would the surrounding people stop it with all their power?

The hardworking Richard II is working energetically to make up for the lost days.
Yufilia enters.

“Father, how can I help you?”

Asked by the beloved daughter, Richard II stops his hands.
It is after most of the piled up work was finished, there was some free time.

“Well ...” (tn: somehow babylon translated this as potassium lol)

Richard II said with a dignified tone.

“Just a minute! To suddenly summon me without thinking whether or not I’ll be troubled isn’t right.”

Yufilia complains with her hand on her hip.

“Is it hard to talk about?”

“Well, that’s right, this is a talk about an engagement.”

“Eh!?”

Yufilia raised a hysterical voice.

“Well, is it Vincent again?”

The person Yufilia instantly came to think of is the first prince of the Scottyard kingdom.
She was pressured to get engaged again and again and struggled to refuse.

But now that talk is over.

There is also no reason for such talk to come about.

Even if asked a refusal will be given immediately.

Richard II was not supposed to worry about that.

“That’s not why, that man is not fit for my daughter.”

Richard II speaks with a strong tone.

“It’s about time, I thought that we must talk about an engagement and a marriage”

“Why are you suddenly talking like that? Until recently you said ‘My daughter will not marry!’ in an angry voice among other things.”

Yufilia looks doubtful.

Yufilia is not interested in an engagement or anything like that.

She was thankful of her father’s attitude.

Whether or not she is interested at all as of the present it can be said that it may be a little different.

“I was talking to the nobles. Whether it is done right away or not, I think it’s okay to consider the other party.”

For the stability of the kingdom more blood relatives is needed.

If there is too much it could result in dissension, if too little it is embarrassing.

Yufilia is the second princess she has a sister.

And one younger brother.

He is still 10 years old but eventually he will sit on the throne.

Although there a few nominee that propose to Yufilia a hero who defeated the demon king.

If a noble tries to marry a female royal it is a cause for concern.

However Yufilia will refuse such a political marriage.

“There are no decent young men from the powerful nobles, I will not have any such guy marry into the family.” (tn: originally translated as marry the bride changed it because it sounded awkward)

Yufilia nods in agreement with her father.

Yufilia also thought that Briton's young aristocracy had problems.

They have a bad attitude. They don't study much or excel in martial arts.
There are many that look down on commoners.
Half a century ago we were also common people.
Yufilia has held such an impression.

"Well is this the end of the story?"

"No, I remember there is one deserving person for my daughter."

"Was there such man?"

Yufilia thinks deeply.

I don't know any fine noble that my father would recognize.

"It's the boy named Ashtal."

"Hoa!?"

Yufilia is magnificently surprised.

"What are you talking about? Ashtal is not even a Briton."

Richard II was momentarily surprised but immediately returned to his calm demeanor.

From those words it seems nobody on Ashtal's side have told his daughter anything about their identity.

If they can't say neither can he say anything.

On to the engagement talk.

"I didn't choose him by status. It makes sense to join hands with excellent people."

There many examples of royalty accepting a hero after defeating the demon lord into their family in history,
However in this case it is a bit different.

"But, but... that is sudden."

"There is no doubt"

"Wheter one likes it or not such talk will happen."

Yufilia blushes. And wriggle her body.

"Uh-huh?"

Richard II puzzled, stares at his daughter who is suddenly acting strangely.

"Well, that's right. If we don't take this opportunity we won't make any progress so we must decide."

"What's the matter?"

Yufilia mutters with both hands on her cheek.

Not sure, Richard II spoke.

"No, the matter we are talking about."

"It is a talk about an engagement."

"I know, I was surprised because it is so sudden."

Yufilia has decided and quickly charged ahead.

"Are you surprised, too? After all I was hesitant to tell you."

"Eh, to who?"

They both tilt their heads in confusion.

"Often the talk of an engagement will often go south, right?"

"So it looks like you agree....."

"Engagement, it's talk of a marriage interview?"

"Yes, I know. Hopefully the engagement will go smoothly."

"That's right, It's Dorothy's."

"Eh!?"

Yufilia raises a manic voice.

"Ne, it's elder sister?"

Dorothy is Yufilia's older sister.

With a difference of 4 years she is 20 years old.

"That's right. As you know she has become 20 and I thought it's reasonable to proceed with this talk."

For Richard II to find someone he voluntary likes.

It is a good match as for the royal family, it is ideal.

Because it is such a clever thought.

In fact Dorothy talk about her doesn't abound there not even rumors.

"Oh, I see. If that's the case I think its good– no, it's not good!"

Yufilia screamed.

There is no problem if her sister is to be wedded to someone.

However, if the other party is Ashtal then its an entirely different story.

He could not understand his daughter's thinking.

Richard II could not understand why and could only look in puzzlement.

And thus a match making invitation letter was sent to Ashtal.

118. Cancellation

Although it was mainly spiritual damage, my condition has recovered and I headed back to school.

There are fewer people in the classroom.

“Oh, what a quick recovery.”

Tiraiza exclaims in surprise.

“I’m the quickest one?”

“You can understand by looking at the classroom.”

“There are fewer people that’s for sure, and the criminal responsible?”

“It’s terrible if you say it like that...”

Iris mumbles.

Since she didn’t deny it, she at least thinks the same as me.

“The King is also down, so she seems to be doing what she can on the king’s behalf.”

In Tiraiza’s remark Yufilia seems to be doing poor clerical work, while crying like a baby.

However...

“You will still suffer the consequence of your actions even if it’s ignored.”

“Yes.”

Tiraiza nods mercilessly.

“Would you like to visit Jamie?”

Jamie has not yet recovered.

Jaime seems to live in the capital with her family.

Living in a not so spacious mansion.

“Is it okay to visit considering the current circumstances?”

“I gave magic treatment immediately after eating, I don’t understand why they are resting for days”

“Only a person who ate that food will understand.”

I said with a groan.

“The moment I put it in my mouth is fine, because it was stimulative, however the intense nausea that comes after it tells your body that it’s not food.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I don’t want to hear it because it makes me feel sick.”

“It seems to be a curse on the food...”

Tiraiza and Iris stops my explanation.

“I....”

As I complained that they were composed.

I have decided to leave the visit to them.

A few days later.

When I came back to the castle, the old man and Jeko were waiting.

“That’s unusual”

It’s still early.

These two people are often in the Britton kingdom in the capital Rhodan and don’t often come back together.

Adrigori and Gareth are together, but this is not unusual.

“A problem has occurred”

The old man says in a refreshing expression.

I think it wont be a big problem.

However if it’s the old man, he can keep a straight face even in a serious situation.

I’ve never seen the old man have a serious expression, regardless it has never happened before.

“A letter has come from the Britton royal family.”

It is impossible for it to reach the dark temple.

Because they don’t know about this place.

The three of us each has a temporary lodging in Rhodan.

He is the housekeeper on the family register.

Of course there is an actual house.

It's a one room building and it's small, but it's still a house.

There is a complete set of household items, but there is no lived in feeling because I don't live there.

A letter had arrived there.

"To be accurate, a messenger came."

Jeko tells us.

"A messenger?"

"Yes, I went to see how things are by chance and I was there. They would like to invite Ashtal-sama to a dinner party."

"A dinner party is it..."

I tilt my head in puzzlement.

Royalty often held parties for the aristocracy.

This is the first time I've been invited to such a thing.

"Why do they want me to meet the King's daughter?"

"Well, I met her a lot don't you agree?"

I am on good terms with Yufilia her father.

"No, it's not Yufilia but her older sister."

"By older sister you mean..."

"Princess Dorothy Plantagenet, she is 20 years of age."

Dorothy Plantagenet is Yufilia's older sister, but unfortunately she doesn't stand out as much as her sister.

She is not a talented fighter like a hero and her appearance is not even better.

It seems the younger sister has a much better reputation.

It also seems that the relationship between the two sisters are good, and there is no bad rumors about Dorothy.

It was reputed that she has a gentle and kind personality.

Despite being the princess of a great country not much attention has been directed at her because she is not a hero.

I have no memory of seeing her in past several years.

"What do you expect me to do on such a meeting."

The old man smiles wryly at my question.

“Of course I would like you to deepen our relationship.”

“It’s making connections in name. Foremost my relationship with Yuflia is not so bad, it should be pointless, right?”

“Perhaps they want to deepen the connection. And consider marriage.”

The Britton King is known to be a doting parent.

Declaring his daughter as a bride with no hesitation.

Has his attitude softened because of age?

It’s not uncommon for a father to be that way to their children.

At certain age you stop saying things you would normally say.

When one is older they say ‘How come you’re not married yet’ and then when they get older than that it becomes ‘I’d like to see my grandchildren’s face soon.’ or like that.

It is unreasonable.

In this world of royalty and nobility being unmarried at 20 years old is considered late, isn’t it?

Who would say such a thing?

“It is worthy to bear in mind. Certainly it is natural to assume that all the women in the world belong to Ashtal-sama.”

“Unfortunately my reach is not that far.”

As per usual, you can’t leave Jeko’s crazy statements unattended.

“I have no intention of attending such a dinner party. Decline the invitation.”

“Is your expectation good?”

“What is it?”

I looked at the old man.

“I thought it would be a good experience to turn up on such an occasion.”

“...I see. There is also that point of view.”

I hold my chin and think.

If I consider it as training it won’t be a waste of time.

Refusing to go and declining lacks courtesy.

"It can't be helped. One day I will have to face this."

I was coaxed by the old man and decided to attend the dinner party.

"It is a solution to the problem."

"Oh? What was a problem after all?"

"Jeko has gone ahead and agreed."

"Of what?"

I had a bad feeling as I frowned.

"To move forward to an engagement."

"Wait a minute."

"If were agreeing, what am I supposed to do?"

Jeko isn't shy.

"All women in the world are drawn near to Ashtal-sama."

Again the same thing is being said.

"Is there something you don't like in a woman? For example the face?"

"Not particularly an ugly face. Its not good to judge with only the face, I guess?"

"If its only judging the face I'm sure... ASHATAL-SAMA... GOHOAA!!"

Gareth who said something was blown away.

"Stupid..."

Adrigori muttered.

"Well, I'm not going to get engaged, but it's polite to meet them once face to face."

I sighed.

Later.

Shortly before the appointed time I head for Warwick castle.

My attire is a tuxedo.

I handed the invitation to the gatekeeper, and it was led to the venue.

It was a large hall, and a lot of people gathered there.

Huh?

It is our first meeting why isn't it a small dinner party?

“Thank you for coming today.”

King Richard II spoke to me with a smile.

Nobles also gathered, they all made their greetings.

There were some familiar faces.

“Oh dear me, I was not expecting it to be the older sister.”

The president of Briton’s bank Ben Springfield speaks in a whisper.

“What is it?”

“Once again, however you looked at it you seemed to get along with the younger sister.

“No, I’m not going to officially accept their intention.

“The official announcement surely has not yet come. However because the reply from the invitation was favorable the discussion has moved forward?”

Ben scratches his head.

Oh, by the way this party is separate from the matchmaking.

“What?”

His Majesty was in such a good mood it was thought appropriate to throw this party.

A doting parent doesn’t change.

It was a situation where as if the engagement was already approved.

Huh? It’s hard to refuse in this atmosphere?

What’s up with me wavering, the other party seems to be ready.

I am led to another room.

“Apologies for making you wait, Ashtal-sama.”

A small room with luxurious furnishing.

Dorothy who was waiting in the room bows elegantly.

It is a gentle expression as rumored.

However—

“Bussa, I will break my engagement.”

The moment I saw Dorothy I murmured.

While I did not see it in the last several years she has become fat and a tragic

appearance is what I saw.

The face is so greasy that its shiny.

It was like a different person.

Even if I do not judge by appearance, there is a limit.

Exactly what happened in the past few years?

On this day the relationship between me and the Britton royal family didn't deepen.

Tn/rant: If you find any name inconsistency or mistakes please post it in the comments. If you run any adblocker please disable it or white list my site. thanks

Why is trigonometry so hard? I'm barely passing it.

Stupid math 